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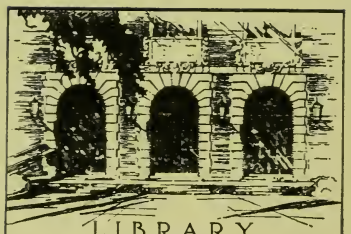

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MARION.

MARION.

BY

MANHATTAN.

ONLY AUTHORISED EDITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
SAUNDERS, OTLEY, AND CO.,
66, BROOK STREET, W.
1864.

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I Dedicate this Book

TO

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Esq.,

PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR OF THE "NEW YORK HERALD,"

Who has carved for himself a record in Journalism that will last as long as newspapers are published—because he first told me that I had those peculiar imaginative qualities that would enable me to write a successful novel. This will test his sagacity. Long years ago, he asserted in the most positive manner that I had qualifications that would give me marked success as a novelist. I laughed at him, because I did not believe him. He asked me if I had read many of the great novels, and when I replied in the negative, he gave me money to purchase novels writtten by Scott, Bulwer, and others. I read their works, but I did not write a novel then, though I thought much of what Mr. Bennett had said. Since then I have done more than write for the daily bread and butter for my family, and have found leisure to write this novel, which may, or may not, verify the predictions of Mr. Bennett.

MANHATTAN.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY,
February 22nd, 1864.

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MARION.

CHAPTER I.

The Introduction.

Holland has sent to our shores many of her best citizens. She has the merit also of having commenced two hundred and forty years ago, and some of the best families in New York are of the *Neder Duitch* stock. The country is overstocked with *Hoch Deutschers* of more recent importation.

Not many years ago I made a visit to Holland. I resided for some months in Delft, the capital of Delftland in the province of Holland. Having business at the Royal Academy, where I was having various models made, I endeavoured to procure a residence in a private family. Through the exertions of Professor Lipkins I succeeded; and, the second day after my arrival, found myself installed into a quiet country villa about

half a mile from the city. It was located upon the bank of the canal that connects Delft with the Hague. My host, whose name was Van Hagen, was a man of great age, and his *vrouw* was but little younger. They had no children, but occupied this beautiful villa alone. It had a large and well cultivated garden attached to it, and its neatness and luxuries still leave a pleasing impression upon my mind.

Over the gate was a motto; but whether it was indicative of the mind of the owner, or his coat of arms, or indicated the character of the place, I never inquired. It was in gold letters, or made of brass, gilded, LUST EN RUST—or, Hope and Repose.

It was a pleasant morning's walk from my host's country villa into the city of Delft, and the sudden transition from the tranquility of the country to the busy hum of men was very striking. The canals, with their numerous draw-bridges in the heart of the city, lined with Treck-schuiyts of all sorts and sizes, gave a relief from country quietness.

The first meal of which I partook at my new home was a solitary one. Everything was neat, and the victuals well cooked. I had a silver

fork by my side, and the tablecloth was of snowy whiteness, and in the room in which I dined was a glass China cupboard, and every article within it bore shining testimony of its having received a due proportion of diurnal care. After my meal was finished I was joined by my aged host and his worthy lady. They had dined previous to my arrival. He addressed me in English, somewhat to my surprise, and remarked—"You are an American." I replied that I was, and he added, "Had you not been, I should not have consented to entertain you even at the request of my old friend the Professor of the Royal Academy."

"You seem to be partial to Americans, and I certainly feel thankful that you are so, for Delft is a gloomy place, while here I am already at home. But why are you so friendly to America?" I asked.

He replied, "I once thought of going to America. My brother went out there many years ago, with a young wife. It was during the time that the French occupied Holland, and our king was then Louis, the brother of Napoleon. He was ambitious to restore the fallen fortunes of our house, for we are one of the oldest families in Holland; and some day when we visit the

city, I will show you a monument in the 'ould kirk' at Delft of one of our name, who was buried in 1562, and was a famous scholar in his day. Now, my young friend, all of our old race are in America except myself. Had my brother not died, I should have sold my property here, and followed him over the sea. I am not rich, but in comfortable circumstances, and as a director appointed by the government to keep the dams and roads in repair I receive a handsome fixed salary, and am content to live and die where my ancestors, for five hundred years before me, have lived and died."

I listened to the old gentleman's remarks with the very deepest interest, and after he had concluded I asked, "What part of America did your brother and his wife go to?"

"To Charleston, in the southern part of America," replied the old gentleman with great simplicity.

"To Charleston in South Carolina, you probably mean."

"Yes, that was the place."

"You heard from your brother frequently, I presume, before he died?" I asked.

"Yes, frequently, until somewhere about the

time that Waterloo was fought. That was—when?"

"In 1815," I added.

"Yes. Soon after then I got a letter from him. He had been very successful in business, and had acquired considerable property as a merchant. He owned a plantation and negroes, but he wrote me that his health was failing. He had two children, both girls. Not long after I received the letter in which he stated he was sick, I got another from my brother's widow. She wrote that he was dead."

"Was that the last you heard from your relatives in Charleston?" I asked.

"No. I received a letter occasionally for several years, describing the growth of my two nieces, one of whom was named Margaret, and the other Mary, who was some years younger than her sister, and was not born until the year in which my brother died. For twenty years I have not heard a word or received a line from any of them. I wrote frequently, but no reply came, and I suppose they are all dead."

When I parted from the venerable Van Hagen, I told him that very probably I should at some future day, after my return to America, visit

Charleston—and in such an event I would diligently seek out any of his race or name, and if I ascertained that any were living, I agreed to write and inform him fully in reference to what so nearly concerned his family love.

Years passed away before I found myself in a position to redeem my promise. I had occasion to go to Charleston, and while there had rooms at the Charleston Hotel, kept then, and I believe now, by a most excellent landlord of the name of Mixer.

With his assistance I obtained a clue to the locality where I would probably find the relatives of my ancient Dutch friend. I was obliged to undertake a short journey into the country, and to reside for some time in a spot that at certain periods of the year is a modern Garden of Eden. Fruits and flowers flourish in the most luxuriant manner. Game is abundant, and the rivers and creeks are stocked with fish ready to bite at the most insignificant bait.

I returned to Charleston, and immediately devoted my time for several days in writing a letter to the aged Van Hagen in Delft, Holland. I enclosed the letter to William S. Campbell, Esq., the United States Consul at

Rotterdam, a city only one hour distant from Delft.

After despatching my formidable document, I left for the North. I had not been in New York a great while when I received a private letter from Consul Campbell, informing me that old Adam Van Hagen was dead, and had not received my letter.

Luckily I kept a copy of the letter I had sent to Holland. I determined to re-write it in a book form. A faithful narrative required me to embrace the adventures of one of the descendants, whose spirit of enterprise led him to New York. As a consequence, I had to bring in other names, and use many other matters of interest indirectly connected with one of the family.

I will now relate in a regular manner what I have to say. But in order to do so with spirit, I will commence a new chapter.

CHAPTER II.

[THIS CHAPTER WAS WRITTEN BEFORE THE OUTBREAK IN 1861.]

South Carolina and her People—Marriage of Henry Monck to Miss Van Hagen—Monck's Corners—Country Fever—Birth of Marion Monck.

SOUTH CAROLINA was the State in which the descendant of the old Holland Van Hagen was born, and who is also the principal hero of this narrative. *The* State, as her leading sons affectionately designate her, in Congress, and elsewhere, has ever been regarded as the most aristocratic State in the Federal Confederacy, and her sons and daughters as the very *elite* of the great American population. Even the F.F.V., or "first families of Virginia," by general consent, back down gracefully and give place to an old South Carolina family. In the North, Southern travellers who can assert with truth that they are South Carolinian, hold their heads at a more lofty elevation; and their right to do so is never disputed. Northern people *cave* without a murmur to South Carolina pre-eminence.

The actual opinion of a genuine South Carolinian of his State, and of himself or herself, is not put on for show, while travelling, or while conversing upon the subject. They honestly believe what has the appearance of being egotistically asserted; and the humiliating idea that South Carolina is not *the* genteel and *the* most powerful State in the Union, if not *the* only State of any account, and her population the most enlightened, most wealthy, most happy, most prosperous, and the best educated, is never entertained for an instant in the breast or brain of a genuine South Carolinian.

South Carolinans are a singular and an exclusive sort of aristocracy. They believe in their own institutions of all kinds, and have a holy horror of Northerners in general. It is true that this Japanese sort of exclusiveness is not so intense as it was a few years ago. Yankee pedlers, Northern merchants and storekeepers have emigrated into South Carolina, made fortunes, and in many instances made alliances by marriage with some of the best blood in the state. Both parties have gained by these marriages. Families of two or three hundred years' standing, but broken down, so far as finances were concerned, have been

married into by men of business habits, literary merit, or property qualifications, and the happy result has been a much healthier progeny, intellectually and physically, than when the descendants of the old families married with each other exclusively. Such marriages have done a great deal also to soften the prejudices of South Carolina against the people of the more northern States.

South Carolina may be said to be divided into three parts—the upper, the middle, and the lower division. In the latter are to be found the largest planters, and those who own the greatest quantity of slaves. These planters reside near the banks of the Cooper and Ashley rivers, both of which pass Charleston on each side, and then unite and pass onward to the sea.

It was on the banks of the Cooper river that my principal character was born.

I have already mentioned that in the early part of the century, a Dutch gentleman and his wife emigrated from Delft, in Holland, to Charleston, South Carolina. Delft, already alluded to in the introductory chapter, was famous many years ago for its crockery. The city is located about midway between the Hague and the city of Rotterdam.

Martin Van Hagen, as well as his brother Adam, was born in an old house stretched upon the mainland, and directly opposite to the old church in which William, Prince of Orange, was assassinated.

When Martin and his wife decided to try the United States, they took passsge in an American ship at Rotterdam, bound directly for Charleston. They reached their destination in safety. Ere they had been ashore a month, Mr. Van Hagen, who had cash capital, had engaged in mercantile business, and he had also secured a small wooden dwelling-house on the corner of King and Warren streets. The building is still standing. In this house the family resided several years, and their affairs prospered. They were blessed with two daughters—one named Margaret and the other Mary. A considerable interval elapsed between the birth of the eldest and the youngest. Shortly after the birth of Mary the father died, and left a widow and two children.

They continued to reside in the old house long after the father's death, but before the eldest reached the age of sixteen, she married a young American of the name of Henry Monck, and shortly after his marriage he conveyed his bride

to his own home on Cooper river, in the parish of St. John Berkley, not far distant from the celebrated Monck's Corners, a name derived from his ancestors, one of whom emigrated from England at a very early period of the history of South Carolina. The Henry Monck who emigrated to South Carolina was the second son of that English Admiral Monck, who, in 1640, fought the great battle that lasted three days with the Dutch Admiral de Ruyter in the time of Charles the Second. It was under permission of the Admiral Monck that Vandervelde, the great marine painter, plied between the fleets, so that he was enabled to represent every movement of the ships, and every material circumstance of the action with astonishing minuteness and truth. But to return to young Monck. When he married Miss Van Hagen he was not twenty-two years of age. His father died when he was very young, and by some rascality of his guardian, before he became of age he was robbed of nearly every negro that he had inherited at his father's death. When he married he was only the owner of two negroes, a dwelling-house, and about three hundred and sixty acres of land. This quantity of paternal acres would have been a great property if located

in some parts of the Union, but at Monck's Corners, where land in those days was as reasonably cheap as "seven-pence" an acre, the value of the land only amounted to about forty-seven dollars.

The dwelling-house was large and commodious, with a wide hall through it, and a spacious piazza in front. All the out-buildings were good. The store contained about five hundred dollars' worth of merchandise, of a suitable and assorted character for that region, so that the young couple started on their marriage career under very favourable auspices. The lands owned by Henry Monck bordered on Cooper river, and he had only to seat himself in a boat, and it would float down with the ebb tide to Charleston city, about thirty miles distant by water. The state road passed his door, and a drive of twenty-eight miles would take him to Charleston by land.

It was very easy, under such circumstances, to replenish the stock of goods in his store whenever it was called for. The young couple were also blessed with health, and though poor white people, yet they had no reason to envy their more prosperous neighbours, the rich rice planters of Cooper river. It frequently happens in the state of South Carolina that those who

appear to be most rich are in reality the most poor; while, on the contrary, those who are comparatively poor, but out of debt, are the most independent. Our agricultural readers will be somewhat astonished with the information that rich lands, teeming with luxuriant vegetation, located both by land and water within thirty miles of the queen city of the south, should ever have been at so low a figure as twelve and a half cents the acre. Yet such has been the fact; and even now, fifty-four years later, rich lands, capable, by proper attention, of producing as valuable crops as are made on the best land on Long Island, and valued at five hundred dollars the acre, can be bought for one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars an acre, with a dwelling-house upon them. But Northern farmers, although well aware that rich lands are to be had in South Carolina at a very low figure, refuse to emigrate to South Carolina as they do to Virginia, because of, not slavery, but the country fever. It is worse than yellow fever, African fever, or any other fever but itself. It is a scourge—a terrible scourge, and woe to the Northerner or Southerner who places himself in the way of country fever. If he takes it, and escapes with his life,

it breaks his constitution for ever. Our readers have got so far in this tale as where Henry Monck carried his bride up to Monck's Corners. They were married in December, and at that season the country in the neighbourhood of Charleston is a paradise. The bride was delighted with her new home, and all went on pleasantly and prosperously with the new couple until the month of August of the year succeeding their marriage. When May came, Henry told his wife of the danger that she would incur by residing on their place in the summer months, and proposed that they should go into the pine lands some ten miles distant, and there erect a log cabin for their residence in the summer nights. He told her that he did not fear the country fever, and that she might escape it if she would go to the Pine region before sundown and spend the night there, returning to the plantation and store in the morning, after the dew had been driven off the grass by the rays of the sun.

So they arranged matters, and for weeks and months until far into the summer they left their dwelling before sunset to go to the log hut in the Pine region, and there escaped the danger

of the miasma worse than that of the Pontine Marshes. Mrs. Monck enjoyed excellent health, and could scarcely credit the horrible but truthful stories she heard related of the immediate effects of the country fever. When told of Mr. Smith, who had accidentally been caught out at night, and slept in the woods—which sleep was succeeded by that which knows no waking—it seemed to her a dream. When told that to sleep there, unless a large fire was kept burning all night, was certain death, she could not credit it; and finally, as the summer passed into autumn, and it became necessary to use extra exertions to get in the crops of their small farm, which was cultivated by her husband and the only two old negroes, Phillis and Toney, that remained out of the wreck of his property—she found it so inconvenient to go to and fro night and morning between the two places, that she told her husband she did not believe there was any danger, and refused to leave her dwelling to go any more to their log cabin in the pine woods. He begged her to wait until the "black frost" came, the only sure remedy or preventative of South Carolina country fever. No. Before September closed she had it, and though it ran nine days

before it was broken, yet she recovered, after months of suffering.

On the second of December, 1814, a year after their marriage, Mrs. Monck gave birth to a son.

She had visited with her husband the grave of General Marion, in St. Stephen's parish, had been over the grounds where he had fought his battles, and she insisted that her child should be baptised in Biggin Church, famous in revolutionary history, and that he should be named after the hero of whom she had heard so much; and so the boy was baptised by the Rev. Mr. Howe as

"MARION MONCK."

He was an only child, and father, mother, and son vegetated at Monck's Corners, with more or less prosperity every year, until Marion had reached his eighth year.

CHAPTER III.

Young Monck's Boyhood—Jack Bird and Mr. Negro Black —Wild Turkey Hunting and Fishing.

When Marion Monck was eight years old, like other Southern boys, he was capable of playing almost the game in life of a man. He could hunt, fish, ride a horse, or drive a team, and was a great favourite, not only of his own relations, but of many of their neighbours. Some of these became Marion's instructors in all manly arts. The name of one of these men was Jack Bird. He was a fine specimen of a man. His age was over sixty, and he stood six feet and a half without boots, and his frame was well proportioned. He could neither read nor write, but he could secure more wild turkeys and deer in twenty-four hours than any other man in South Carolina. Jack was a fair specimen of many poor white people. His den or cabin was in the pine woods, some three miles from the Santee canal, and there he kept his wife and eleven children, all growing up in the ways of

old Jack. Jack Bird owned no cows, or hogs, or poultry. Why should he? His neighbours on Cooper river owned large herds, and—well, Jack could steal as many as he needed for home consumption, or as he could safely sell.

Marion had always been an immense favourite of Jack's, and although the position in life of Mr. Monck was several degrees above that of Jack Bird, yet the latter did not envy or injure him, and would have gone some distance out of his way to have done Mr. Monck or his wife a service. The mother repaid Jack for all his kindness to her son by giving him choice bits of tobacco occasionally out of the store, and he frequently returned the compliment by leaving her a fat wild turkey, a brace of wild ducks, or, when these were scarce, a dozen pigeons, partridges, or robins. Whoever else Jack Bird plundered was of no consequence—he left the denizens of Monck's Corners unmolested, and they were grateful whenever occasion offered.

Charleston people frequently visited Monck's Corners to have a hunt, and Jack was always the pioneer on such occasions; but woe to any unlucky favourite penknife, pencilcase, or fish-hook

that fell in his way! It was sure to be missing if it took the fancy of six-foot Jack.

Jack had trained Marion until he had become one of the best wild turkey hunters in the parish. He could discover, with little trouble, where the wild turkeys came to feed. He would then prepare a hiding-place in the neighbourhood, and fix a gun loaded, so as to command a reach of ten or twenty feet in a trench by the side of a log. This trench he would bait with corn, and then trail the corn off in several directions to places where the wild turkeys would be likely to see it. A day or two only would pass when Marion would discover that the turkeys had found the trench and had ate the corn. This he would refill, and so do every morning for a week, until the turkeys had made a regular business of crowding the trench. Then Marion would select a particular morning, go early to his hide, and conceal himself, with the barrels of his duck gun loaded with buck-shot, bearing directly upon the track. By-and-bye he hears a noise—one, two, twelve, twenty, fifty wild but unsuspecting turkeys arrive—they jump over, and on, and around each other, to get at the corn. Marion quietly pulls one, and then the other trigger—bang, bang!

Some turkeys get off, but nearly all remain. Twenty-eight are dead, and Marion goes home for a negro—Toney, and the one-horse cart, to convey his spoils home.

Another especial friend of Marion Monck's was Negro Black. His original name was John Black; but, besides being a poor white man, a hunter and day labourer, he added to his slender income by catching negroes. Hence his nick-name of Negro Black, by which he was known, not only throughout St. John Berkeley, but by many planters in other sections who had runaway negroes to catch. Like Jack Bird, he had a wife and eight or ten white-headed children. Mr. Black had one source of revenue, and it was always a sure and profitable one. It arose from successfully hunting wild cats. When a prowling wild cat made the fact apparent that he was in the neighbourhood, by catching up chickens or small pigs, the planter upon whose premises the animal had made a demonstration was seen to dispatch a summons to Mr. Negro Black.

It is a very curious fact, in respect to the habits of a wild cat, that when he approaches a plantation, or rather the dwellings on a plantation, where his designs lay, whether it be to catch

poultry, chickens, or pigs, he goes to work in a regular, scientific, business manner. The cat exhibits no greediness. If he lights upon an old sow that has a litter of eleven or more nice little delicate pigs, wild kitty commences with using up one a day; and no inducement of appetite can force him to increase the quantity. If no discovery is made by the owner of the poor old sow, at the end of the eleventh day she is pigless. The instant the overseer discovered by the regularity of the thefts that a wild cat was about, he sent for Negro Black. Perhaps it took one, two, or three days, but Negro Black was a sure coffin for the cat. He and his dog Victor never failed. The cat was a doomed cat, and Mr. Negro Black received the skin and 10 dollars as his fee for the operation. Negro Black had a jealousy of Jack Bird, and he maintained that the mode Jack had of catching wild turkeys, by a hide, was deliberate murder. It gave the turkeys no show; and he taught Marion another method. At a certain season, when the wild turkeys got scattered, he would go into the woods with Marion, and pile up a lot of brush wood.

"Get behind that with your gun, pull the brush-wood over you, and use the whistle."

It was many days before Marion succeeded in shooting a solitary wild turkey, and, even before that event took place, Negro Black's patience became quite exhausted; for while Marion's gun was idle, and not a wild turkey would come nigh him in answer to his whistle, Negro Black would be off in a different part of the woods, and kill several. At last he broke out—

"Why you no whistle as I do, when you go for catch wild turkey? Take your whistle and blow leetle bit—turkey hear him—wait—no blow again until you hear turkey answer—then blow a leetle harder—wait—turkey answer again—then blow one soft, slow blow, and don't blow any more. Wait—turkey come by-and-bye sure—den pop him. Turkey like young girl. If young man want take young girl for his wife, he give one call—little girl don't answer—it no use. Young man hab patience and wait. By-and-bye little girl make reply. Young man call again—wait until the young girl come, like turkey, and say, 'I'm yours.'"

Another, and a third mode of killing wild turkeys, taught Marion by his hunter teachers, was to watch in the woods to hear where they roosted. He would hear a turkey fly at sundown, and very soon would trace a flock. If it was moonlight

Marion would go for his gun, and four or five turkeys would be his reward. Or if it was very dark, he would wait patiently for the first glimmering of daylight, and then pop off a few turkeys before they had left the "turkey roost."

Marion's two friends were fishermen as well as hunters; and where in the world is there such sport with the finny tribes as at Monck's Corners? Hours, day and night, Marion used to spend on the banks of the Biggin creek, or on the side of the old Santee canal. Sometimes with a small dip net he would catch one, two, or four shad, as they dashed up to the waste way of the canal; and in the months of February, March, April and May, with the hook and line, in Biggin creek, he would catch trout of the size of eleven pounds, rock-fish, perch, brise, catfish, and mullet, by the million. Oh, such sport as he had in these well-filled waters. Every fish that belongs to salt or fresh water is caught in the Biggin creek, or Santee canal, when the tide is running in or out. Thousands of nights could Marion have been found with his dip net on the bank of the Biggin creek, the whole scene made as light as day by the "light wood" bonfires, and sometimes he and his companions would be thus engaged, with more or less luck, until daybreak.

CHAPTER IV.

Marion's Education—Death of Grandmother—Aunt's arrival at Monck's Corners—The Store—Negro Customers.

While Marion Monck, by violent exercise, was developing his physical powers, his mental were neglected, so far as education was concerned, during these years of child and boyhood, or until he was over ten years of age. At that time he had not acquired the first letter of the alphabet. His grandmother came up from Charleston occasionally to spend a few days, but our youth never returned to town with her. About this period, the grandmother, who had come over from Holland with her husband, died in the city of Charleston. Her remains were taken to Monck's Corners for interment. So soon as her affairs were settled, the eldest daughter left Charleston and went to Monck's Corners to reside permanently with her sister, Mrs. Monck. This event had a very important bearing upon the education of Marion. She was a very intelligent

lady, had read many books, and possessed a very general knowledge of what it was now highly important that young Monck should know.

The aunt found in her nephew a well developed handsome boy, capable of leading in any manly enterprise, and accomplished in all manly sports. In place of A B C, he knew the number of every fish hook; if he had no knowledge of grammar, he could ride a horse, and join in a deer hunt; if he had no knowledge of geography, he knew every spot where game could be scared up; and for arithmetic, he could catch fish and game to an extent that even David could not have counted.

In a word, he could ride, drive, hunt, fish, or swim equal to any man in St. John's parish, of thrice his age. He was intelligent, could talk well on many and most subjects, his information having been derived from conversation with others. His aunt, who regarded a good education as everything in life, became very much alarmed at finding a nephew ten years of age who could neither read nor write. She determined to remedy what she regarded as a degrading evil. Marion felt that it would at least be convenient

to read at last, and willingly became a prompt pupil to his aunt. His progress was very rapid, for he had an iron memory. The A B C was soon acquired, and night and day did he devote to learning, until he could read anything, wrote a plain hand, could "do" any sum in Daboll's arithmetic, and had Murray's grammar by heart. Moore's geography was soon mastered, and Marion had acquired at least as good a foundation in useful and necessary learning as is given in the district schools of the North. It is needless to add that he had acquired from his mother and aunt the Dutch language, and as his teachings from the aunt were partly in that language, he could read and speak it as well as he could English. His father devoted most of his time to the plantation, and to raising horses, cattle and hogs. His mother superintended the household matters, and also attended to the store. When Marion was able to write and reckon, he became of vast service to his mother, and spent a great portion of his time in the store, and when customers were rare he had a book in his hand. He literally learned it by heart, and what "he knew, he knew."

He continued thus until he was nearly four-

teen years old. The store was quite an affair. The stock of goods was limited, and articles were bought in Charleston once a month, or ordered by letter. The maze consisted of coarse dry goods, bacon, coffee, sugar, rice, whiskey, tobacco, pipes, cigars, crockery, soap, lead, butter, spices, tin buckets, and coarse wooden ware.

The customers were, in part, the poor white folks; and, second, the negroes from the adjoining plantations. Fifteen thousand negroes, at least, looked to that store for their little luxuries, and the happiness that this store conferred can hardly be realized. Here, sometimes, the slave would come at midnight, having travelled ten miles, with ten more to go before he got back again to his home, and perhaps he would have walked all the distance to get a "fourpence" worth of tobacco for his little bag of corn. When he got it, he was a happy fellow. Sometimes forty or fifty would come together, and then some care and caution had to be exercised, for with such a force in the store at one time the temptation to steal was too great to be resisted. Each took his turn, while the rest remained outside. Marion became quite a favourite with these negroes, and it was really a pleasure to him to get up and wait

upon a tired customer, even for the most trivial article. The pay was in corn. Sometimes the negro had received money for his corn, and then he had cash. If it was a bill of five or ten dollars, the slave asked it to be changed into silver, and when that was done, he knew what he was about, and trade commenced. "How much for dat tin biggin?"

"Sevenpence."

"I tax um," and the quarter would be handed in by the purchaser, and then change given. Trade would then commence again.

"How much you ax for dat spider?"

"Quarter dollar."

"Quatah dollah. I gib tenpence for him."

"Take it." Pay and take change again.

"Gib me one and ninepence worth of tobacco."

And so trade goes on, paying for every article as he buys it, from a dollar's worth of homespun to a cent cigar, and perhaps he goes to the plantation where he belongs loaded with small things; and no father of a family, or patroness of Stewart in New York, ever enjoyed spending money so much as these slaves. If it was corn he brought to trade with, then he had it measured. Suppose it was two bushels. The price has been

seventy-five cents, and never varies in the negro trade if corn is worth in Charleston only fifty cents or a dollar. Then he pays for his goods with corn—a peck, four quarts, two quarts, as the case or price may be of the article bought, and never makes a blunder.

Now and then two negroes are in partnership, or some negro who could not come has sent his corn by a friend. The bearer of the corn for another gets what is wanted, and never mixes it up with his own transactions. How it is done, no bookkeeper in a bank could tell. Sometimes in financial transactions the red corncob is used as a matter of security. One negro owes another. They deposit a red corncob in the hands of a third party as an evidence of money loaned or a debt due. The person who receives this corncob never gives it up until the debt is paid or cancelled, and then it is done in the presence of the two parties interested. It is a sort of red-corncob bond and mortgage, and the parties can't get over it. It is rarely set aside, even by poor white people.

The attachment of the negroes to this store was wonderful. It was what they looked forward to, when they had cash or corn, as a great bless-

ing in their existence. As an evidence of this, when Marion was about twelve years old, the family were woke up about two o'clock one morning, by a bright blaze. The store was on fire—and in less than two hours, being built of pitch pine, it was in ashes. Five thousand negroes were on the ground before it finished burning, and then came sympathy and anxiety for it to be rebuilt. The negroes for two weeks poured in from all quarters at odd hours which were their own. Carpenters from all the plantations volunteered. Others went into the woods with axes, and cut down trees, and hewed them into their proper size.

Before two weeks had passed the store was rebuilt again, twice its former size; and when it would have cost, under ordinary circumstances, four hundred dollars to rebuild it, it did not cost Mr. Monck fifty dollars—and then it was for nails, and things the negroes could not furnish. When it was ready to receive goods, Mr. Monck went to Charleston and bought them, and when the store was re-opened again, there was as general a rejoicing among fifteen thousand negroes and negresses, young and old, as if each one had had an individual interest in the affair.

It was a "want." They missed it. It was their place of resort for luxury and comfort, and they could not get along without it. The dark lover, when he was about to wed a darkey bride, could get the rings at the store, and a bottle of cologne, a comb, papers of pins, or any little article that, when purchased, gave more real happiness than a thousand dollar shawl in other circles of society.

CHAPTER V.

Parting from Home and from Parents—His stay in Charleston—Arrival in New York.

To leave a loved home, loved parents, loved friends, and long-loved associations, at the age of fourteen, to wander forth into the great world with the design of acquiring an education, a livelihood, a profession, a fortune, or any other of the thousand and one objects of human ambition, is a serious matter. Long and earnestly had Marion Monck communed with himself, and dreamed by day as well as by night of his future. His mind was made up to leave home. Young as he was, he knew and felt that his father, his family, and himself could only hold a second-rate position in white society. He could not rank or associate on an equality with the rich planter, and he was somewhat in advance of the poor white class. He was occupying a sort of mongrel white rank, betwixt and between the two white extremes. Marion felt within himself that he had talent and

genius, and it urged him on to seek a larger field.

At last he gained the consent of his parents that he should leave home, and seek an occupation elsewhere, where he could see and learn more of the world. Worthy Mr. Monck wished his son to seek employment with some merchant in Charleston, as he honestly thought that Marion's experience in the store at Monck's Corners would have been a good preparatory school for a merchant's counting-room. Marion promised that in six months he would come back and see them —perhaps sooner. The mother packed his trunk, placing a Bible in a flannel shirt carefully, gave her son a few crying kisses, and Mr. Monck drove off with him *en route* for Charleston. On their arrival at their destination Mr. Monck found quarters for Marion with a friend, and the same day started on his return home.

Charleston was then, is now, and will be fifty years hence, the same Charleston. The quicksand bar is still there, shifting and changing about—the old houses grow a little older—the mass of the old wooden tenements gets thicker and more impervious every year—the bell to call in the negroes rings at a quarter to nine, and the drum

beats at the guard-house at a quarter to ten, to say that all negroes out after that hour without a pass from their masters, if they are slaves, or from their guardians, if they are free, will be locked up in the guard-house for the night, and taken before the Mayor in the morning. The yellow fever makes its appearance every two or three years, just when the Charleston people, because it has missed a year, have begun to indulge the hope that it will keep away five years, and give their favourite city a chance to loom up in the commercial world. But no—it seems almost hopeless; and the dread of yellow fever is like an incubus upon the city, and it is doubtful whether it will ever be taken off.

For more than a week Marion Monck roamed about Charleston, seeking employment in some commercial business. Perhaps it was lucky for him that he found no vacancy. No one wanted a clerk of his size, shape, or make. One beautiful morning he wandered down about the wharves, and was admiring a stately ship. She was loading for New York. The idea flashed across his mind whether his chances would not be better in New York than in Charleston. He answered it by going on board and ascertaining the price of

passage. It was within his means, and would still leave him something in his pocket to keep afloat a few days in New York. The ship was to sail the next day. Her name was the Saluda, and her commander was the man who had traded so long between Charleston and New York, that in the latter place he is known by no other name than the Charleston "Berry." Long ago he left the ship line, and has built and commanded every steamer that has voyaged from Charleston to New York. May he command steamers between the two cities for a thousand years more!

Marion returned from Adger's wharf to the house where he boarded, and announced to the worthy Mrs. Ferguson, the landlady, that he had half made up his mind to put out for New York the next day.

"Who do you know there, young Monck?" was her immediate question.

"Nobody."

"Indeed! And pray how will you get along without being acquainted with anybody or somebody?"

Marion reflected, and replied, "Well, I have had no success to my wishes in this town, where I do know a great many people; who knows but

that I may find a situation among those who don't know me or that I don't know?"

And quick as lightning the idea made him decide to go to New York; and he told the worthy lady, in the most flat-footed and decided manner that he should embark for New York in the good ship Saluda, Captain Berry, the next day.

"Well, my brave boy, if you will go, I will give you one letter that may be of service to you. I have a niece in New York who is married to a merchant there. She is a Charlestonian, named Bessy Nordheim, and will give a helping hand, if need be, to a South Carolina boy.

Marion expressed his thanks, and immediately returned to the ship and paid his passage. That night his landlady wrote the letter, and he placed it carefully in his trunk. The next morning, bright and early, he and his trunk were on board the Saluda, and before meridian the ship had passed over the bar, bound to New York.

It is useless to give a description of a sea voyage of eight days' duration. Marion was intensely sea-sick for two days, and it did him more good than fifty boxes of Brandreth's pills would have done. On the afternoon of the eighth day,

the ship Saluda was moored alongside the dock in Burling Slip, and Marion hired a cartman, and with his trunk proceeded to a boarding-house in Liberty Street, near Greenwich, to which he had been recommended by a fellow-passenger. It was nearly dark when he got fairly established in his room, and after he had taken a boarding-house tea, he did the most sensible thing a young stranger who made his first visit could do at night, viz., he went to bed.

CHAPTER VI.

Marion Monck in New York—Presents his Letter of Introduction—Procures a situation with Granville and Nordheim—Home of Mr. Nordheim, in Bond Street—The character of the Wife.

When Marion arose from his bed on the morning after his arrival, his head was so confused by the multiplicity of noises which he had listened to from long before daybreak, that he could with difficulty comprehend where he really was. But at last his lonesome position, in a strange city, broke with full force upon his mind. He thought of his distant home and loving parents, and cried. He could not help it. He was in a great city, without one solitary friend. By-and-bye he dressed himself, descended to the breakfast-room, and after drinking a cup of strong coffee, felt decidedly better, and much more energetic than he had felt since he left Monck's Corners.

The landlady cautioned him against getting lost, as soon as Marion told her that he had never

been in the city before, and he started out to try his fortune in New York. He wandered about until dinner-time, staring at the million of novelties that his eye encountered, and then he returned home, and went at once to his trunk to get the letter of introduction that his Charleston landlady had given him. He had hardly looked at the address before, but now he regarded it as of some importance. It was directed to a house in Bond Street, and he found his way up there, and before five o'clock in the afternoon he had presented the letter of introduction to the lady to whom it was addressed. She received him in a very cordial manner, insisted that he should stay to tea, and become acquainted with her husband, Mr. Nordheim, who, she said, had resided in Charleston some time, and who was engaged in a large business in Broad Street. Marion felt that there was a hope, and so he did as Mrs. Nordheim wished.

It was nearly half-past seven before the husband came home, and then the wife introduced Marion, and showed the letter from her Charleston relative. Mr. Nordheim was very cordial, and joined his wife when she insisted that Marion should take tea with them and spend the evening.

It was not long before Marion discovered that Ferdinand Nordheim was an Israelite.

Conversation turned upon Marion's prospects; and when he stated that he was anxious to get a situation in a counting-room or store, Mr. Nordheim observed that the firm of Granville and Nordheim, of which he was a partner, wanted a clerk. "I leave these matters to my partner," said he; "but in this case, if you will meet me at my store at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, I will make you acquainted with my partner, Mr. Granville, and I dare say some arrangement satisfactory to you may be made. I will tell him how I became acquainted with you, and your own rather prepossessing appearance must do the rest. If he is willing to engage you in our service, I shall make no objection; on the contrary, I will willingly employ you."

The heart of Marion beat quick—and after the evening meal was concluded, Mr. Nordheim, that there might be no mistake, wrote down the address, "Granville and Nordheim, corner of Broad and Garden Street," and Marion took his leave.

At precisely ten o'clock he was in the counting-room of Mr. Nordheim. That gentleman introduced him to Mr. Granville, with such expla-

nations as were necessary, and Mr. Granville led the way into his private office. After cross-questioning Marion for some time, he appeared to be quite satisfied as to his capability, and observed "It will take some time before you can be of much service, but you look as though you would try and learn fast; and although it is not customary with heavy houses to pay any salary for two or three years—(Marion was all aghast)—don't be alarmed; in your case, under the circumstances, we will vary from the custom, and give you a salary the first year. What will it cost you to live here?"

Marion had no idea. Supposed he could board for one or two dollars a week.

Mr. Granville smiled.

"Probably four or five dollars will be nearer the mark. However, we will make an engagement with you for four years, and give you two hundred and fifty dollars the first year, three hundred dollars the second, four hundred dollars the third, and five hundred dollars the fourth year. After that your services will be worth whatever you choose to make them, if you get a thorough knowledge of the business meanwhile. Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly, and am very thankful," said poor Marion.

"Very well—then come with me." And he left his private office for the general counting-room, where seven or eight clerks seemed to be very busy. He addressed an elderly clerk:

"Mr. Wilson, this young gentleman will come into our office to-morrow. His name is Marion Monck. You must try and make something of him."

Mr. Wilson bowed, and after having given some instruction to Marion as to the hour next day when he would be expected, went on writing his books. Marion quietly took his departure, and went at once to his room, and wrote a letter to his father and mother. The next day he was regularly installed as a clerk with Granville and Nordheim.

Mr. Wilson, the bookkeeper, explained to him his duties, and stated that as he was the junior clerk, it would be necessary for him to commence at the bottom of the ladder, and work his way up. He was obliged to open the store, put the books in the safe at night, lock it up, and give the key to the bookkeeper, and stay and see the porter shut up the store at night. He was also post-

office clerk, had to go with letters to the office, and bring all letters in Box 910 to the office of Granville and Nordheim. Marion went through the first day with real satisfaction to himself and his employers. His modest willingness to do anything that he was called upon to do, had already secured to him the good feeling of the bookkeeper and the other clerks.

The store was closed before dark the first day. In fact, such was the usual habit, except on "packet nights," and then it was kept open until ten or eleven o'clock. Marion received the keys from the porter, and proceeded to his home, No. 119, Liberty Street. He told his success to the landlady, Mrs. Birch, and she congratulated him warmly, adding, "You owe much to the lady who received you so kindly, and who was the means of procuring you the place. I have known young lads wait months to get a situation, and then not so good a one as you have secured in two days. Have you been up town to thank the kind lady in Bond Street?"

Marion replied that he had not.

"Then you ought to go at once. Gratitude costs but little in your case."

These few words set Marion to thinking. He

was merely a clerk. Was it right to go and pay a visit at the private residence of his employer? "Well," thought Marion, "she asked me kindly to call when I got fixed in a place. I am fixed, and through her kindness. I will go up and see and thank her to-night." An hour afterwards he was on the steps of a large three-story brick house in Bond Street, and had pulled the bell-knob. A negro woman came to the door and opened it.

"Is Mr. Nordheim at home?"

"No—Massa hain't come in yet. Missis is in."

"Go and tell her Marion Monck would like to see her."

In a moment Mrs. Nordheim herself came out of the parlour, and taking Marion by the hand, led him back into it, and placed him by her side on a luxurious sofa.

"Well, what luck, Marion?"

"Thanks to you, dear lady, I am engaged for four years by your husband's firm—but has he not told you?"

"He—my husband—no. I have not seen him since morning. Sometimes I do not see him for two or three days and nights together"—and noticing Marion's look of astonishment, she added, "He has so much to do at times, and frequently

has to visit neighbouring cities on business: but never mind him. I am so glad you have come up to-night. I want to talk to you about Charleston—about your home and parents, and South Carolina matters generally. But you must have some tea"—and she jumped up, and pulled the bell. It was answered by another negro girl, who took the order.

Marion again thanked her for being the means of getting him a place, and told her that she did not know how happy it had made him—that but for her he should have had a wretched, anxious time of it. "And you must tell me how to show my gratitude," he added.

Again she took both of his hands in her own delicate white ones, and pressed them closely. "Say no more about it. I need just such a friend as you will be, and if you are grateful, as you say, you will be able to do a thousand kindnesses for me. You must come here as often as you can. I am sadly in want of a beau; and as you are so young, and from my own State too, I am sure Mr. Nordheim will not be jealous of you, and will let me go out with you for an escort whenever I please. It is very rare now that he goes out with me himself."

The ice was broken, and before the tea was served they were chatting as familiarly as a couple of children—and, in truth, they were both children.

"How old are you, Marion?" she asked.

"I was fourteen last second of December, and it is April now, Mrs. Nordheim."

"There, stop—don't call me Mrs. Nordheim—say Bessy, and I shall like it and you a great deal better."

Marion laughed, and added, "Well, Bessy, how old are you?"

"Guess."

"I cannot. You are married, and——"

"Very well. I am just two years older than your most venerable self, Master Marion. I am but sixteen now—just old enough to be your loving elder sister." And with one hand pressed around Marion, with the other she parted the dark brown hair on his white forehead, and pressed it with a pure, loving kiss. "Now, that christens you my brother," she playfully added. "And this," said Marion, throwing one arm fondly about her neck, and putting his lips to hers, "makes you my loved sister."

The blood rushed to the face of the young

wife, and slowly disengaging herself, she sprang up and said, "Now for tea;" and they sat down to the well-served table.

"Take Mr. Nordheim's seat, opposite me," said the lady.

Marion complied.

"Have you no sister, Marion?"

"None—and no brother either. I am an only child."

"And that is my case precisely, and now we will be brother and sister to each other. I will love you and you shall love me, and Mr. Nordheim——" She stopped. "Well, Mr. Nordheim don't trouble me with any of his doings, and I don't see why I should bother him with telling that I have adopted a brother;—so, dear Marion, when Mr. Nordheim is at home, you must call me 'Madam,' and be as respectful to my ladyship as if I were Queen of England. But you won't be much troubled with this formality on his account. Now drink another cup of tea. I suppose your clerkship is very anxious to know how I came to marry Mr. Nordheim, and all about it?"

Marion smiled, and looked anxiously at the beautiful creature opposite to him. She took her

hands, and flung back from each side of her face the masses of dark, beautiful curls that partly concealed her features, and completely covered her snow-white neck and shoulders.

"I look more like a wild girl than a dignified wife, I suppose. No matter. Mr. Nordheim was pleased with my chit of a face, and my long dark hair. I was very poor—dependent upon my aunt, and I was tired of it. True, Mr. Nordheim was an Israelite, but my aunt, like a good prudent woman as she is, before she consented—no, before she sold me, that is the right word—made Mr. Nordheim settle two thousand dollars a year upon me for life; and I feel independent, at least, if I don't love him. As he don't beat me, I am as comfortably off, or more so, than I was when dependent upon my aunt. I believe he behaved handsomely to my aunt—that is, he gave her one thousand dollars the day we were married. Why, what are you looking at me so earnestly for, Marion? I married Mr. Nordheim, became his wife, and he brought me on to this big house. The furniture is elegant, is it not? But you have not seen it all yet. Now, have you finished your tea? Then let us go back to the sofa."

Marion went with her and took a seat by her side.

"What do you think of all I have told you," she pleasantly inquired.

"Why, what should I think, except that you have done what pleased you, and I hope you will be very happy."

Bessy Nordheim drew a long sigh, and then made Marion tell her all his history, his plans and prospects.

"I don't like your being in that boarding-house. Why it would be much more—— We have plenty of room in this house. Why should you not come here? I will speak to Mr. Nordheim about it, but not just yet."

A key was heard turning in the door, and she jumped up and flew towards the hall. It was her husband.

"Here is your new clerk, come to thank you and me for his situation, Ferdinand."

Mr. Nordheim entered the parlour, and, without further notice of his wife, commenced talking to Marion. "I hope to find you very attentive to business. I have a great many things of my own to attend to, independent of the firm, and I hope I shall find you ready to lend me a hand when I need it."

"Certainly," replied Marion. "Anything that I can do for you it will give me great pleasure to do. I owe you my situation."

Mrs. Nordheim had taken a seat, and listened, but said nothing.

"Where are you boarding?" he asked.

"At 119, Liberty Street."

Mr. N. made a note of it, and carefully placed it in his pocket-book. "I may want to find you at night. Are you busy evenings?"

"No, sir. I have nothing to do."

"Very good. I will call at your boarding-house, and some time it may be necessary for you to do some writing for me up here at my house. In such cases Mrs. Nordheim will have a room fixed up for you, and you can stay all night. I will explain the necessity to your landlady when I call at the house."

Marion rose to take his leave, and as he approached Mrs. Nordheim and took her hand, he felt a gentle detention and pressure, and a glance of those beautiful soft eyes, which said, as plainly as if they could have talked, "Don't forget your sister Bessy." Mr. Nordheim did not extend his hand, but accompanied Marion to the door, and kindly bade him good night. He had made up

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his mind that the handsome intelligent boy should be made useful to him in more ways than one.

When he returned to the parlour, he said, somewhat surlily, "That boy owes his place to me. I only hope he will be grateful. He is a stranger here, and I must go to his boarding-house and see if he is comfortable. It is my duty to do so, Mrs. Nordheim."

"It is very kind of you; but I suppose boarding-houses are not very comfortable."

"You ought to know;"—and Mr. Nordheim sneered very severely. "I believe your excellent, but somewhat sharp aunt, Mrs. Ferguson, was engaged in keeping a house of that kind when I was so fortunate as to be struck with your silly face."

Bessy's eyes were flashing fire under their long dark lashes.

"Now, madam, I do not expect that my young friend will be very comfortable at his present location. You heard me say to him that I shall probably require his services up here occasionally to do some private writing for me, and that I should require you to fix a room for him. Now madam, let me tell you that it is my intention, if

he is not comfortable where he is, to ask him to come up here and make it his home altogether; and let me add decidedly, madam, that I expect you will submit to my wishes in this respect, and make no opposition to them. You have objected to my bringing any of my relatives to this house. He is not a relative, but a young boy that will be useful to me, and I prefer to have him in the same house with me. Don't say a word, madam—I *will* have it so." And Mr. Nordheim, who had worked himself into quite a passion, in order to silence any objections that he took it for granted his wife would make, bade her good night, went into the hall, seized his hat, and then passed out into the street.

What a world! Could Mr. Nordheim have looked back into the parlour, and have seen that elegant form, with one foot pressed forward, her figure erect, her eyes sparkling with excitement, as she flung back the long curling tresses which she had allowed to cover and conceal her delighted face while he was talking with her, he might have thought that his determined purpose was not so obnoxious to his girlish wife as he imagined. She burst out into a merry, happy laugh as she heard the street door close, and ex

claimed, "Dear, dear Marion! I shall have a brother with me after all. Who would have thought that Mr. Nordheim himself would insist upon his being here, when I hardly dared to ask it!" She was as innocent and pure as an unborn babe, and it was a sister's love she thought she felt for the handsome boy.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Monck moves to Bond Street, and resides with Mr. Nordheim—The Mercantile Library Association—How to learn Languages.

The new clerk improved in his capacity for general usefulness every week, but he had been nearly a month at his new place before Mr. Nordheim carried out the idea expressed to his wife. He then called on Mrs. Birch, in Liberty Street, and apparently was not satisfied with the place selected for Marion. He informed the landlady that it would be more convenient to have Marion at his own residence. He paid her bill, and when he returned to the office of Granville and Nordheim he informed Marion of what he had done, and told him to hire a cart, and remove his baggage to Bond Street that night. It was Saturday.

"Here is a note, Marion, that I wish you to deliver to Mrs. Nordheim. It informs her that I am obliged to go to Philadelphia this evening, and may not return until the middle of next

week. I wish you to take good care of matters at my house. If anything is needed, get the money from Mrs. Nordheim and procure it. If she wishes to go anywhere—to church—to any place of amusement—you will go with her. In this note to her, I have written my wishes as I have verbally stated them to you; I hope you will be pleased with your new home."

He bowed and left the office before Marion had any time to make any comment. As soon as the store was closed that evening, he engaged a hack and went to Liberty Street, bade his landlady good-bye, and with his trunk proceeded to Bond Street.

The hackman had carried his trunk into the hall before Mrs. Nordheim made her appearance. She seemed a little surprised at the trunk, but when Marion had shaken hands with her, and she read her husband's note, her features assumed a different appearance, and were covered with rosy blushes.

"How beautiful you do look, Bessy!" was the involuntary exclamation of Marion as he was led by her into the parlour.

"Now, Mr. Truant, give an account of yourself; why have you kept away from here a long month?"

Marion said he did not see how he could come with any propriety—as Mr. Nordheim had told him weeks ago that he was to come — until the latter directed him to do so, as definitely as he had that day.

"And now that you have come, I am going to make the most of you, brother dear. Mr. Nordheim writes that you are to escort me wherever I want to go, and be my protector while he is gone. Good. I am very much obliged to my husband. Next. I am to fix up your room in the most comfortable manner, and not to fail to treat you with the utmost kindness—you see, sir, I quote from the note. In the first place, I fancy that I have already made your room very cosy, as I had a hint this morning from my lord and master that you would probably come; and as for treating you with kindness, why, you ungrateful brother, after such a long absence, and such sisterly kindness, have you no reward to offer me?"—and, as she put her pretty pouting red lips in close proximity to Marion's, he could do no less than put his arms around her, draw her close to his breast, and press the lips to his own.

"There, dear Marion, that will do; and now I will go and superintend the making-tea depart-

ment, and you shall have a supper such as I dare say you need."

Had Marion Monck and Bessy Nordheim really been brother and sister, it is not probable that they would have exhibited a stronger attachment for each other. The next day was Sunday. Marion accompanied her to church, and almost every night he went with her to some place of amusement, or called with her upon some of her extremely limited circle of acquaintances. Mr. Nordheim did not come to his home for a week, and during his absence Marion had made himself completely at home, and his attention to the duties of the store were from very early in the morning until sometimes a late hour at night. Mr. Wilson, the book-keeper, had promoted him to copying letters, and to making duplicates of letters and invoices. As Marion wrote a neat mercantile hand, it was no great hardship. Marion also found work at the dwelling-house of Mr. Nordheim. That gentleman was, as I have stated, an Israelite, and had inherited a large property from his father, who had died about two years previously at Amsterdam in Holland. When he discovered that Marion could read and write Dutch, he was overjoyed, and Marion for

months worked several hours at night in copying important papers in that language of a private nature for Mr. Nordheim. The latter bought a nice desk, and had it placed in Marion's room. Frequently Mrs. Nordheim would sit and chat with him, while hard at his work. She was as fascinating in her conversation as she was beautiful and attractive in her appearance, although she did not seem to be aware of it. Marion regarded her as a sister, and treated her as he would a sister. Sometimes if her magnificent hair had been carefully arranged, he would pull out the combs and fastenings, throw it loose over her, and comb it with the finger of one hand, while he continued writing with the other. Bessy would call him her teasing brother, and then, selecting one of her combs, would carefully comb his hair without preventing his writing. Did a thought of wrong cross their minds? No. She had been isolated first in her aunt's boarding-house, and secondly in the cold home of her husband. She placed Marion on the footing of a brother. He had brought the first sunshine to her cheerless home. She had something to pet, fondle and caress. She never thought it wrong, never analysed her feelings, and hardly took the trouble

to control or conceal them before Mr. Nordheim. Marion was in a new home—he who had been petted all his life, and Bessy was the only one who brought love and home—or home love, back again to his mind. He appeared to regard her affectionate kindness and caresses as he would those of his aunt or his mother. He was too young to dream or think of love. Both were happy, for both were innocent in thought or word as well as deed.

Mr. Nordheim was a man whose age must have been nearly forty years. He was of small stature, with dark, piercing, oriental sort of eyes, and a nose that clearly told his Hebrew origin. He spoke English with great purity, and one could hardly have imagined that Dutch had been the language of his boyhood. He was short-sighted, and wore a pair of gold spectacles. His habits were very irregular, although it was many months before Marion discovered that he was one of the worst of libertines, and that his frequent journeyings to other places for business purposes, and also his frequent absence for the same reasons, were not so. On the contrary, he was off in the country, or anywhere else where he could carry on his numerous intrigues without

discovery. As he was the principal capitalist, his partner, Granville, if he knew Nordheim's weakness, did not notice it in any manner.

Marion Monck had not been in the counting-room of Granville and Nordheim over two months, before Mr. Wilson, the book-keeper, asked him how he was off for books.

"Books!" replied Marion. "I have no book, save one, and that is a Dutch Bible, which my mother placed in my trunk when I left home."

Mr. Wilson smiled. He probably remembered his own mother having made for him, when a boy (perhaps fifty years before this) a similar provision.

"That is a valuable book, no question of that," said Mr. Wilson; "but, Master Marion, what I meant is this, is there any one you know who is the possessor of books, who will lend them to you to read, otherwise you will have many an idle hour hang heavy upon your hands?"

Marion said he knew no one who would lend him books such as he desired.

"Mr. Nordheim has no books at home."

"Then I propose that you should at once join the Mercantile Library Association. It was established for merchants' clerks, and when once

a member you will have access to any book or paper that you need."

Marion asked the expense of joining, and when told that it was only the small sum of two dollars per annum, agreed to go with Mr. Wilson and be made a member that very night.

The counting-room was closed before six o'clock, and Marion did not go home, but went to get his tea with Mr. Wilson, at Clark and Brown's eating-house, in Maiden Lane, where Mr. Wilson, with many other Englishmen, boarded, and took his meals when and where he pleased. They each had a cup of tea and hot muffins, and after these were despatched, they proceeded to Cliff Street, where the Mercantile Library Association occupied the first floor of number eighty-two. It was then poor, and in its infancy. Not long after, it was removed to a building in Beekman Street—Clinton Hall. Since then it has been removed to the old Opera House, in Astor Place.

But to return to the visit to the Mercantile Library Association. Mr. Wilson introduced Marion to the Treasurer, Librarian, and one or two of the Directors, and, after he had paid the fees, received a certificate of membership.

"Is there any particular book you desire?" asked the librarian.

"Yes," replied Marion, and he named a French work by Voltaire.

It was given him, with a catalogue, and the last report of the Association.

As Mr. Wilson and Marion went out into the street, Wilson remarked, "Why, Marion, the book you selected is printed in the French language. Do you understand it?"

"Not a word," was the reply.

"You may think it queer, Mr. Wilson, but I will read that book before I return it. The fact is, Mr. Wilson, I will read French, Spanish, and German before I am two years older. I understand Netherland Dutch now as well as English. I will learn a language after my own method, or rather one taught me by aunt, who taught me low Dutch."

"What is the method?" inquired Wilson.

"In the first place, I can repeat the New Testament almost word for word from beginning to to end. I have read it so often, and got so many lessons from it in former years to oblige a very excellent mother. You comprehend that part."

"Very well."

"Within three days I have been to the Bible Society, and they gave me, for a trifling sum, a New Testament in French. I shall read that in French until I have it almost by heart. By the time I am through, or before I have been at it a few hours, I shall understand, perhaps, a thousand French words, and the mode of placing them without having to refer to a French Grammar or Dictionary."

"That is very clear," remarked Wilson.

"Now I shall get a dictionary and grammar, read the work by Voltaire, and what words I cannot acquire rapidly in the New Testament, I shall get out of the dictionary. It will not be long before I have mastered the French, and the Spanish and German will follow."

"But how will you learn the pronunciation of the language?"

"By placing myself where I can hear one or the other spoken incessantly. But we are up to Broadway, and I must bid you good-night, and hurry up to Bond Street."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Business Excursion of Mr. Nordheim—Birth-place of Clara Norris—Her Advent into New York.

It has already been mentioned that Mr. Nordheim made frequent excursions to neighbouring cities. He gave out that these frequent trips were for commercial purposes. His partner, Mr. Granville, did not contradict such announcements, and his family were unable to do so.

October had arrived, and Marion Monck had been living at the residence of Mr. Nordheim more than four months, when the latter informed him that the next morning he should leave for a distant State, and would not probably return for some weeks. Mrs. Nordheim was in the parlour engaged upon some embroidery when her husband made this business sort of announcement, and, as usual, she made no comment upon it. Turning to his wife, he said, "Of course, my love, if you want money, you can send word to the office by Marion in the usual manner, and he will bring it up to you." This was said in a very sarcastic

manner, and a slight bend of the magnificent head of the young wife was the only reply. Soon after he left the house to go to Pat Hearns', or some other equally well known "Hell," or a worse place.

The carrying out of our story requires that the reader should be carried out of New York, and taken to one of the most northern counties of the state of New Jersey. It is again evening, and only two days later than when Mr. Nordheim told Marion that he was to make a business excursion the next morning. It was night, the tallow candles were lit, and in the bar-room of a country inn in Sussex county was the well-dressed Nordheim. Several rough-looking countrymen were loitering about the bar-room, and two were engaged in playing dominoes at a pine table in the corner of the room. A young and rather pretty girl was behind the bar, waiting upon such customers as required a glass of cider, or the more potent cider brandy. Mr. Nordheim was smoking a cigar, and seated near the fire-place, in which a wood fire was burning, for the weather in October in a village two thousand feet above the level of the sea was intensely cold. The girl was evidently about fifteen years of age, but fully developed.

Every now and then she cast an anxious glance towards Mr. Nordheim, and as his eyes caught her own she would suddenly drop them and blush, scarcely conscious why. Mr. Nordheim was evidently an object of curiosity to her, and the contrast between his elegance and the rough customers in the room made her wonder what his business could be there. Presently another person entered the room, and as he stepped into the bar he said, sternly, "Susan, go into the kitchen and help your mother get supper."

"Have you ordered a fire in my room?" demanded Mr. Nordheim of the new comer, who was evidently the landlord.

"I have just finished making it myself, and your supper will be ready presently," was the reply.

"Thank you," was the reply of Nordheim, and he continued to puff away at his cigar. Soon after Mr. Nordheim obtained supper and then retired to his room. He found a good fire blazing upon the hearth, and almost at once the girl called Susan made her appearance with a candle, which she placed upon the table.

"Any thing else, sir?" she asked.

"No, my dear—stay, yes—there is—I want to

ask you a few questions. Are you acquainted with a young lady in this neighbourhood whose name is Clara Norris? Sit down, Susan."

Susan took a seat before she replied, in a very low tone of voice, "Oh, yes, sir; I know her very well."

"Indeed. Here, Susan, is a little something to spend when I am gone." He placed in her hands half a dollar, patted her cheeks pleasantly —"and now tell me all about Clara. Is she very beautiful? Is she as pretty as you are?"

Susan simpered and replied, "Oh, yes; a thousand times prettier. Everybody calls her the Sussex Lily, and indeed, sir, she is the sweetest girl in this region."

"How old is Clara, should you think?" asked Mr. Nordheim.

"I know precisely. She is just one month younger than me, and I shall be fifteen next month. Do you know her, sir?" and Susan paused to hear the answer.

"No, not exactly; that is to say, I have not yet seen her. I became acquainted with her father last summer, and I have heard him speak of Clara so frequently that I was almost tempted to say I know her, but I do not."

"Oh, she is a charming girl. You will like her very much. She is not at all like me. Her hair is light auburn, and very long, and when she wears it in ringlets it is pretty. She has a beautiful figure, and her cheeks are as red as roses, and her skin is as white as snow."

"Why, Susan, you are quite eloquent in your description," said Mr. Nordheim, and he continued, "Is Miss Clara comfortable in her home?"

"Oh, no, indeed, sir. Her father is a drunkard, and her mother is not much better; in fact, worse, some say, but I don't know anything about it. I see poor Clara every Sunday at church, and she looks very unhappy. I don't know how she stands it. I wouldn't. If my father licked me as her'n does her, I'd run off and go to York; but I must go and help get supper for the other boarders."

"Stay one moment, Susan," and as the girl stopped he slid his arm around her. "Oh, don't, sir—what—will—" but a half-dozen kisses in succession stifled her voice, and when Mr. Nordheim placed in her hand another silver half-dollar, Susan wiped her mouth, smoothed her ruffled hair, and promised Mr. Nordheim that she would

come back as soon as supper was over to see if he wanted anything. Any of her country beaux might have fiddled round Susan six months before her lips would have given one kiss. Girls like the man, be he old or young, that impudently takes what he wants without trifling or beating around the bush. She had left the room but an instant when her father made his appearance. "Well, Van Ness, what is it?" asked Nordheim.

"Did you send a message by the stage-driver to old Bill Norris, up the road, that you wished to see him?"

"I did. Has he come?"

"Yes, sir; he is down in the bar-room."

"Van Ness, have you any really good liquor, any wine fit to drink? That cider brandy is vile stuff."

"Yes, sir, as good as any gentleman need have, I don't care who or what he is. I have got the best French brandy; but it comes at two dollars the bottle."

"Bring it along if it was five dollars, and here, by the way, is a five-dollar gold piece, and if you have a bottle of champagne, bring that up also, and never mind the change. Old Norris may prefer some other drink besides brandy or wine."

"Not he, sir; he will never leave this room as long as there is another drop of that French brandy in the bottle."

"Show him up at once, and then put some more wood on the fire."

A few moments more and the heavy boots of Bill Norris approached the door. "Come in," exclaimed Nordheim, and the old drunkard entered. "Take a seat, Norris. I am glad to see you. I told you at Dover last summer I would come and see you before Christmas day."

"So you have. I like to see a man who sticks to his word. It looks like business."

"True, Mr. Norris: but here is some liquor I have ordered. It is no use talking with dry tongues. Here is champagne, and here is French brandy. Which will you try?"

"Oh, give me the brandy. I don't want any new-fangled stuff down my throat," and he helped himself to a stiff glass of raw brandy, and drank it off at a gulp. It did not even make the old toper wink. "Prime!" he exclaimed. "Now I will take another with a little water into it," and he helped himself while Mr. Nordheim knocked off the neck of the bottle of champagne, and as he poured it foaming into the glass

tumbler he said, "Now, Norris, I want you to drink with me to the health of that young girl we talked so much about at Dover. Here is Clara's health." Old Bill Norris again emptied his glass and took a seat, and turning his face full upon Mr. Nordheim, said, "So, so, mister, yer hain't got off that notion, eh?"

"No, indeed; the more I hear of her the more anxious am I to come to some understanding with you in regard to her future welfare. Where is she now?"

"At hum, or was there half an hour ago."

"Bill, can any one overhear our conversation?"

"No, I reckon not." Bill opened the door and looked into the entry to see that the coast was clear.

"When you see my darter, if as how you likes her, and she takes a kind of liking to you, what do you intend to do with her? Do ye mean to marry her? That's the pint."

"Mr. Norris, we will talk of that presently. Meanwhile, I want to inquire kindly of you whether five hundred dollars, if given to you by some kind friend, would really be of any service to you?" remarked Mr. Nordheim in a whisper.

"What? Just say that over again," and Bill was on his feet.

"Keep perfectly calm, Mr. Norris. I have five hundred dollars that I can get by driving up to the Sussex Bank after nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and I could give it to you without feeling the loss."

"Five hundred dollars! Sussex Bank bills! and——"

"Stop one moment more. I am anxious to do that for you to-morrow. I am anxious to do *more* than that for Clara, if you aid me in the matter. I want to take her away from here, however, and you will lose her services. Of course I expect to pay you for that loss."

"That's fair. Five hundred dollars! Of course I'll let her go for that. She will never bring me anything like that. Five hundred dollars! Whew! What a sum. Why, it will buy a good-sized house and farm, won't it? But you hain't told me one thing. What do you want to do with the girl? Marry her?"

"Mr. Norris, you know it would be imprudent to do so now. What I may do when I have sent her to school, I cannot tell. I shall take her to New York, place her with a rich aunt, and she

will be taken good care of. What can I do more?"

"That is all on the square. I don't see what you can do fairer, Mister. What am I to do?"

"Go home very soon. Talk the matter over quietly to your wife. Get her consent. In the morning I will be up at your house, and have a talk with Clara, if she consents to go with me, and the matter is fairly understood among you. She goes to Dover in the stage with me to-morrow evening, and I will hand you and your wife five hundred dollars before we leave."

"It's a bargain. Shake hands upon it. You are a gentleman, and do up your business brown. I will go now."

"Take some more brandy."

"Not a drop," and Mr. Norris left—he was really sober; the five hundred dollar proposition had fairly neutralised the effects of the strong potions of alcohol which he had drank.

He had hardly got down stairs before a light step came up them, and Susan came in, shutting the door behind her. "I came up to see if you needed anything," she observed.

"Yes, Susy, come here," and he pulled her towards him.

"Don't—don't—I——"

"All I want, Susy, is to hear more about your friend Clara. Kiss me, now, and then tell me, has she any beaux?"

"You kiss me so hard I don't like it. No; Clara hasn't got any fellows. She is too proud for that. None up here are good enough for her."

When Mr. Nordheim was alone, he lit another cigar and then went down to the bar-room. Bill Norris had gone. The room was crowded. Mr. Nordheim had an object—it was to make popularity. Time after time did he treat every man in the room, until all but himself were drunk—roaring country drunk—and then he went to bed. How little his elegant wife dreamed of the nature of her husband's commercial negotiations!

The next day opened bright and beautiful. It was much warmer, and Mr. Nordheim rose early. He had ordered a horse and buggy to be ready for his use immediately after breakfast. It came as he had drank his last cup of coffee. He settled his bill, paid for a day's use of the horse and buggy, observing that he might not return. The carpet bag was placed in the buggy, and after a few inquiries as to his route to the house of

Mr. Norris, he bade his host "good morning," and started on the main road. He had to drive a distance of two miles. He occasionally stopped to gaze on the woods and the water. The forests were covered with colours as variegated as the rainbow, and he passed two long sheets of water that he could not but stop to admire. Between the two first lakes stood a cottage embowered in a grove of large drooping willows, and not far off was a long row of poplars. He inquired what place that was. "Poplar Farm," was the reply, and he drove on. He had nearly reached the head of the second lake, and was coming in sight of the third, when he noticed a log-cabin that seemed hardly capable of holding up itself. It was large, but everything about the spot looked poverty-struck and desolate. He was passing on by it, when out started a man that he recognized as Bill Norris.

"Hallo! What, you was a going by, eh? That won't do."

"Have you a place to put my horse, Norris?"

"Yes; I got a little snuggery down under the hill. Drive around the road a little way, and I will come and help you unhitch."

Mr. Nordheim complied, and when the horse

was put in the miserable apology for a stall, Nordheim asked if the mother had been spoken with.

"Yes; and she is willin'. She thinks it the best thing that can be done."

"And Clara—does she know anything of what is proposed?" said Nordheim, anxiously.

"I rather think the old woman had something to say to her about it, but I don't know. Women folks can't keep a secret; you understand."

Nordheim felt relieved. Half his work was done. The two now reached the log-cabin. Norris entered first, but no sooner had Nordheim followed over the door-sill than he actually started back with astonishment. Never had his eyes been placed upon such a vision of female loveliness. He could not speak. She was dressed in rags, but there was a form, a complexion, a skin that rags could not hide. She had been trying to do up her splendid hair, but lacking combs and material, it had fallen like a golden cloud over her shoulders and reached nearly to her knees. Nordheim jumped towards her, took her hand, and observed, "This is Clara—I need no more of an introduction. Don't be scared on my account;" and then, with the grace of a man of the world,

he placed all at their ease by talking of their future. There was a little boy and a little girl, brother and sister of Clara. To one he gave a pearl-handled knife, and to the other a gold pencil-case. "Now then, Mrs. Norris, I am going to dine with you; and here is some money to buy any article you need. I suppose Mr. Norris will go and get it for you." She took the money. "Miss Clara, as I was riding up, I could not help admiring the mountain in front of us. There must be a beautiful view of the lake from the top of it. Suppose you accompany me, and point out all that is to be seen," requested Mr. Nordheim, kindly.

"Get your bonnet and go with the gentleman," came from the mother's mouth.

"I am in no hurry," observed Nordheim. "Take your own time, Clara." This he said so kindly that the poor girl burst into tears. A few moments after he was following her up the side of the mountain. "Clara," called Mr. Nordheim. She stopped, and he took her hand in his own. "Don't let us go too far and get tired. Here seems to be a nice quiet place, where we can take a seat and talk over certain matters." Clara seated herself by his side. He still kept her hand.

"Clara, will you answer me a few questions honestly and truly?"

"I will."

"Are you happy here? Do your parents treat you kindly?"

"No — I am miserable, and they treat me horribly."

"Would you like to leave here," he asked, kindly.

"With all my heart! But my poor parents!"

"Clara, suppose I say that I will give your parents the sum of five hundred dollars to-night, to make them comfortable. Will you then place yourself under my charge?"

"Will I? Try me. But what am I to do?"

"This is all, Clara, if you will make me your husband to-night — that is, you will treat me in every way as if I were your husband."

"But will you marry me to-night?" said the girl, who was covered with blushes. "Speak plain," she continued. "I know what you mean. You will *not* marry me, but you wish me to become your mistress; you have money, and you would buy me! Now repeat the offer," said Clara, determinedly.

"Yes, Clara, that is it. I will take you from here to New York as speedily as possible. To-morrow morning we will start. Then I will get you handsome clothes—I will procure you a home —I will get you teachers, and I will make a lady of you."

Clara smiled, and said, "Listen to me Mr. Nordheim. There is no need of words. I am a decided girl. I am as pure as ice—but I can't lead such a life. I want to see my father comfortable. If you do what you promise, then I will be true to you till death. If you deceive me, or do not make good your promises, woe be on your head! Now let us return to our humble home."

"Stay a moment, Clara. If you are anxious to go, why not start to-day?"

"No—I will not move until I see my mother and father in possession of the price you have agreed to pay for me."

"And then ——"

"I am yours, body and soul, and I do not care what you do with me."

"I have the money ready. See, here it is, in Sussex Bank bills. Count it."

He handed her the money. Clara did count it,

and then, slowly drawing her hand across her face, she asked—

"And when you give that to my parents?——"

"Then, Clara, I expect you to regard yourself as mine. We will stay here to-night, or we will go to Dover, just as you decide. Now shall we return home?"

"Be it as you wish—I have no choice," said Clara, mournfully.

Nordheim attempted to embrace her.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, while pushing him aside. "Not now. Pay the sum to my parents, and then I am yours altogether."

Not a word was spoken until they reached the log-house. Clara took a seat.

"Well?" said the father.

"Everything is pleasantly arranged, and Clara and myself have decided to leave for New York city either to-night or to-morrow morning. But I have something for you."

He took out of his pocket-book a roll of bills, and laid it upon the table. Clara jumped up and seized the money. She selected from the roll five fifty-dollar bills, and placed them in one pile. "Father, take the money;" and then an equal amount she handed to her other parent,

adding, "Mother, take this. God bless you both!"

They each took the money. Then she kissed her mother, and afterwards her father, crying as if her heart were broken. When she had found voice, she said, "Now you have money, spend it wisely. Father, don't drink any more; and when you think of doing it, think of poor me, and perhaps at what an awful cost I earned the money." Then turning to Mr. Nordheim, she added, almost hysterically, "Come, sir, you have not yet decided whether you will stay here to-night or go to Dover. Follow me — up this ladder."

She was followed up by the exquisite New Yorker in astonishment. As he reached the floor of the open garret he exclaimed, "Why, Clara, *where* do *you* sleep?"

"There!" she exclaimed, pointing to a pile of rags in a corner of the garret; and she ran towards it, and loosing her hair, so as almost to cover her entire figure, she flung herself upon the rags, and said, "Well, what do you think now? My parents have no other."

He went to her, calmed her excitement, and kindly coaxed her to descend the stairs. "We

will start for Dover in a few minutes. Fix up Clara the best you can," said he kindly to her mother.

Clara did not cry any more. She spoke kindly to her mother, and helped her to spread the table with a few eatables. An hour later she took her seat in the buggy beside Mr. Nordheim. That same evening they reached Dover, after a few hours' drive. They were just in time to catch the mail stage for New York *viâ* Newark. The next night at about ten o'clock the two reached a private house in the upper part of the city, where Mr. Nordheim seemed to be perfectly at home.

Such was one of the business transactions of Mr. Nordheim. It was the opening history of a beautiful girl, who in after years made a sensation as the haughtiest as well as most magnificent courtezan that ever walked the streets of New York.

CHAPTER IX.

The first year over — Dinner at Mr. Granville's — The Family of Mr. Granville—Colonel Mac Neil.

Life in a counting-room during the period of junior clerkship is without much of interest. The routine is about the same from day to day. A year had now elapsed since Marion arrived in New York, and he had become quite expert in his clerical duties. He was a favourite with Mr. Granville; he continued to reside at the residence of Mr. Nordheim, in Bond Street, and oftentimes was of great service to that partner. Young Monck was a hard student, and rarely retired to bed before twelve o'clock at night. He could read French well, and availed himself of every opportunity of speaking it. This was the more easy, as the business of Granville and Nordheim was principally a foreign commission business. They received consignments of vessels and cargoes from many ports in the Mediterranean, and wine and assorted cargoes from Cette and Marseilles were regular. By such means Marion became

acquainted with French captains and French passengers that brought letters of introduction to the firm, and he used to show them the hospitalities of the city. His progress in pronouncing French was extremely rapid from these facilities, so that at the expiration of his first year in New York he was a fair French scholar. The foundation was laid, and by practice he improved until he could write, read, or speak French equal to a Frenchman. Mrs. Nordheim was his fellow student in French, and her progress was equally rapid with Marion; for Mr. Nordheim spoke French well, and when she expressed a wish to that effect, he would converse with her in that language. Frequently Marion would take part in their conversation.

It was a very curious fact, that for some months Mr. Nordheim had not found occasion to be absent from the city, and he was much more kind and sociable at his home than before Marion came there. He was absent almost every night, but no curiosity was ever expressed by his wife or Marion as to the cause of such absence.

Marion had had very few opportunities of knowing much of Mr. Granville or his family. The intercourse between them was only at the

counting-house; and although Mr. Granville appeared to be pleased with the attention which Marion showed to his business, yet he rarely noticed him save to give orders or instructions. Marion had observed to Mr. Nordheim that Mr. Granville did not seem to be aware that he was in existence, save in the office.

"Never mind, Marion," was the reply. "An old merchant like Mr. Granville does not waste much time on the youngest clerk in his employ. Wait."

He took his advice. Precisely one year from the day he entered the office, Mr. Granville in the morning called him into his private office, and somewhat abruptly remarked,

"It is a year that you have been with me."

Marion was astonished. He could not conceive that the haughty merchant by any means should stoop to remember such a fact. He did not know the man, and he replied, "Yes, sir."

"Then to-morrow your salary will begin at three hundred dollars."

Marion bowed and added, "I have not drawn my salary of two hundred and fifty dollars. There is nearly one hundred and fifty dollars due me now."

"How is that?"

"I have been living with Mr. Nordheim, and he has not said anything to me about what he should charge, and I did not think it would be right to draw under such circumstances."

"Go and call in Mr. Wilson."

It was done.

"Wilson, fill up a cheque and bring it to me to sign for the balance due on this young man's salary up to date. In the coming year it will be three hundred dollars. Now, Mr. Monck, I have nothing to do with my partner taking you to his house. I understand that you speak and write low Dutch, and he has made you useful to him to a greater amount than any board he would charge. Make your mind easy on that score. He will make no charge against you; or, if he does, give the account to me, and I will pay it out of my own pocket."

By this time Mr. Wilson had brought the cheque. It was for one hundred and sixty-five dollars, and Mr. Granville signed it. As he handed it to Marion, he laughingly said, "You will be quite rich. What will you do with so much money, eh?"

"Send it to my parents, sir," replied Marion.

"Very right and proper; and now, sir, will you do me the favour to come and dine with me to-day at five o'clock? I wish to make you acquainted with my family; and you will meet at my table one or more of my friends worth knowing. You know where my residence is, I suppose; and be before the hour rather than later, whenever you are invited out to dine."

"I shall be pleased to dine with you, sir, and will not be later than the hour."

Before we present Marion at this dinner with his senior employer, it will be interesting to the reader to learn something of Mr. Granville. William Pitt Granville was the grandson of a man who was once speaker of the English House of Commons. He had been educated commercially in one of those extensive commercial firms in England, whose business connection extended over the world. The firm had sent Mr. Granville to New York to attend to some special business, and his keen eye saw an opening in New York, and he wrote home to that effect. The London firm of Prescott, Grote and Co., had a correspondent named Nordheim, who had a son that he was anxious to place in business in some American port. The London firm saw that they could

benefit these parties, besides their own firm, and the result was that old Nordheim agreed to put fifty-thousand dollars in cash in the firm for his son; and young Nordheim in less than six months became the partner of Mr. Granville. Mr. Granville was the business man; his energy was unceasing. Connections and agencies were made in every part of Europe; and what with Mr. Nordheim's cash capital, and the facilities extended by the London firm and the elder Nordheim, business rolled in upon the New York firm from every quarter, and their profits in a short time were more than double their original capital.

Mr. Nordheim, as we have before observed, was not much of a business man, and Mr. Granville persuaded him to go to Charleston, S. C., to procure shipments of rice and cotton to New York and to his father's house in Amsterdam. As he had money to advance on all such shipments, he was very successful in procuring them, and his sojourn in Charleston was of great benefit to all parties. It was while residing at Charleston that he became fascinated with Elizabeth Ferguson, and married her, as has been detailed in a former chapter.

To return to Mr. Granville. He was English

in his appearance, habits, mode of thinking, and in every other way. He believed that this was a great country to make money in, but that England was the only country worth belonging to; and he would never take out papers to become an American citizen. "British I was born, and a Briton I will die," was a favourite expression. He was six feet in height, and well-proportioned. His forehead was very high, and his head almost bald. He was fifty years of age when Marion joined him. His nose was curved like the beak of an eagle, and he felt much flattered when told that this feature very much resembled that of the great Duke of Wellington. It was true, too. He had married in England, and brought over with him, when he decided to remove to America, a wife and two children, the one a girl named Isabella, and the other a boy named Walter. His residence was in a house which is still standing in State Street, fronting the Battery. At that time it was the residence of some of the most prominent merchants that New York has produced. It was a venerable double house, painted yellow, with a door in the centre, and an old-fashioned stoop supported by two wooden pillars, with red stone steps on each side, leading up to the doorway. It

had a large, spacious hall, four times the size of a hall in a modern house. On the right was a large reception room or parlour, and on the left was another of equal dimensions. In the rear of the hall was a dining-room, with large bay windows, extending nearly the width of the house, and overlooking a large yard, which was filled with plants and shrubbery of every description. The view from the front parlours, or from any room in the front part of the house, was magnificent beyond comparison. The windows overlooked the Battery and the bay, and the view in the summer season was unsurpassed in the world. There was nothing to equal it in New York. Mr. Granville had good taste.

Besides his wife and children, Mr. Granville had a younger brother residing in the old English mansion. This brother Thomas was as eccentric a being as ever drew breath; and we shall have much more to say of him as our story progresses.

Mrs. Granville and Thomas were the only persons in the dining-room when Marion arrived. It was to them that Mr. Granville introduced Mr. Monck.

Mrs. Granville appeared to be about forty

years of age. She was very small in size, and extremely pale. She looked as though a good strong gust of wind from the Battery would blow her away. She put out her hand to Marion, and kindly greeted him, saying,

"I have heard of you often from my husband, and expected you would have visited us before this; I am glad to see you now, and I trust you will come and see us as often as you have leisure."

Poor Mrs. Granville, her days were numbered! Marion soon learned that her seclusion arose from the fact that she was dying of consumption.

"I shall be most happy to continue the acquaintance, believe me, Mrs. Granville; for I know very few families in the city."

"Here comes Isa—my daughter, this is Marion Monck."

And a beautiful girl sprang forward and gave her hand to Marion.

"O, I have seen Marion a hundred times when I have skipped in and out of the office, but I am so glad Pa has brought him here. I am sure we shall be excellent friends."

A moment after Walter, the son, came in. He was a handsome lad, of about Marion's age, but

extremely reserved. He had already become acquainted with Marion, having seen him many times at the office. A gentleman came in just before the family rose to go to the dining-room. Mr. Granville introduced him to Marion as —"Colonel Mac Neil, a very old and valued friend."

The Colonel, in a very gentlemanly manner, expressed great gratification at meeting Marion. Soon after the party that had assembled in the parlour adjourned to the large dining-room. Covers were placed for seven, and when all had taken their seats dinner was served in a very simple manner, and Marion felt completely at his ease. His seat was directly opposite to Isabella Granville, and before he had received a dozen of her laughing glances, poor Marion began to feel that he was getting in love.

"Bell," as her Pa called her, was a sweet little creature, very girlish in form and figure. Her eyes were black, and she had a profusion of soft black hair, which was partly taken up on the back of her head, and the front portion was arranged in curls. Her mouth was small and pretty. She was ready to fall in love with anybody that there was a spark of romance about. Although only

fourteen, she had had two lovers since she was twelve. One was a West Point cadet, and the other an unfledged midshipman; but her father, kind and gentle as he appeared, was a stern, despotic man in his own house, and most fully imbued with the English ideas of marriage. He considered children as merely a means of extending "connections," and deemed it his duty to select a suitable husband for his daughter, and a proper match for his son, where settlements could be made on both sides. He detested cadets and midshipmen, lawyers, doctors and clergymen. He had his own views for "Bell." Mr. Granville was a merchant, in the true meaning of the word, and he looked upon every man outside of the commercial profession as not belonging to *his* world, and as a nobody. He believed in the English nobility, noble blood, and all that sort of thing. He also thought that there might be a nobility in the United States; but if there was any, that no class could justly lay claim to it except the commercial class. A great merchant was an object of profound respect: the President of the United States he regarded as the principal Custom House officer in the nation, and he had a contempt for all Government officers, high or low.

He deemed them a pack of useless suckers. There was one class of the world that he respected next to merchants—they were actresses and actors. A celebrated English actress was a Mrs. Granville, a century ago. He was descended from her. This was the clue to the secret, that there was no actor or actress, from Kean the elder to Vandenhoff, and Ellen Tree to Mrs. Wilson and Miss Sheriff, that he did not invite to his house. James and Henry Wallack were his intimate friends. Hackett found a banker in him when he needed one. In a word, no actor or actress came to this country from England without a letter of introduction to Mr. Granville. That was his weakness, if he had any.

When the ladies retired from the dinner-table Walter Granville went with them, and the conversation continued until a late hour. Marion was delighted. Mr. Granville treated him as if he had been the richest merchant in the city, conversed with him, drew him out, made him at his ease, and yet not one word was said about the store, his own position, or business. The shop was sunk in the house of Mr. Granville. It was nearly ten o'clock when Marion took his leave, and when he reached Bond Street Mrs. Nordheim

made him tell her all the events of the dinner, and particularly all that Colonel Mac Neil had said. But Colonel Mac Neil is too important a person to bring in at the close of a chapter.

CHAPTER X.

Colonel William Mac Neil—Duel of Mr. Graham and Colonel Barton.

"Bessy, pray tell me something about Colonel Mac Neil, whom I met at the dinner at Mr. Granville's yesterday," exclaimed Marion, at their early breakfast next morning, to Mrs. Nordheim. "I am sure you know something of his previous history."

"Not so much, perhaps, as you may imagine. What I do know, I obtained from Mr. Nordheim. The fact is, the Colonel is a very gallant man, and regards himself as quite a lady-killer. He made love to me before I had been in New York three weeks. I rather astonished him by repeating some of his love speeches before him at dinner, when Mr. Nordheim was present. The gallant Colonel did not make any more sweet speeches to me, I can assure you. Mr. Nordheim was excessively pleased with my *tact*, as he called it, and in gratitude, I suppose, for its display,

told me somewhat of my gallant gentleman's antecedents. The Colonel is Scotch, and of a very good family. He must have been born somewhere about the year 1800, and I have heard him say he was only fourteen years old when his father, who commanded a regiment of Highlanders at Waterloo, was slain. The young Mac afterwards emigrated to Canada with his mother, who married a second husband, and ten years ago came to this city. He was about twenty-one years of age, and had about ten thousand pounds sterling in money. By Mr. Granville's advice he formed a partnership here and went into the wine business with a Mr. Gillespie, who had no capital, but great experience. Colonel Mac Neil is a dashing, fashionable man about town. He goes into the best society, boards at the City Hotel, is a manager at the City Assembly balls, and, though he has made some seductions—and one of his victims he keeps as a mistress in very good style, and has had two children by her—yet he is well received wherever he goes, and he is engaged to be married to the wealthy and accomplished Miss Grasper."

"If he spends money in so princely a manner, I should think he would need to marry an heiress,

unless his business is a source of great profit," remarked Marion.

"Mr. Nordheim says unless the Colonel marries money, that his high-flown game will soon be up; that he gambles tremendously at Washington Hall every night. He is a good hand at cards, I dare say; and it may be that his luck and skill as a gambler is the secret of his having so much money to carry on the war with. You know what a noise he made some years ago as a second in a duel."

"No; I do not. Never heard of it."

"It was a sad affair. By the way, Marion, I do not wish to prejudice you against Colonel Mac Neil. He is a great friend of both Mr. Granville and of my husband. He is a perfect man of the world, and when you are a few years older, it will be in his power to be of great service to you. I recommend you to cultivate an intimacy with him, and receive any advances of a friendly nature on his part with cordiality."

"Thank you. I will not forget your advice. But about the duel?" asked Marion.

"I had nearly forgot it. A Mr. Graham, connected with the *Daily Courier*, had some difficulty with Mr. Barton, who is more famous as

the husband of Cora Livingston, a daughter of the great Edward Livingston, than by any other act of his life. It led to a demand for satisfaction on the part of Barton. Graham accepted the challenge. Barton, who was intimate with Colonel Mac Neil, requested him to act as his second. The principals met, and Mac Neil's advice to Barton saved his life and killed Graham."

"What was the advice?"

"Don't aim, Barton, but raise your pistol to a dead level with your stomach, and fire at the word."

"Mac Neil must be a very cool sort of person on such occasions?"

"It is much easier for the seconds to be cool than it is for the principals, I should suppose. This affair, and the noise about it, made Mac Neil quite a hero among the girls; and all the young bloods about town, if they get into a quarrel when drunk, go to consult Mac Neil about their honour when they are sober. Keep on the right side of Colonel Mac Neil, Marion. I feel that he will be of use to you some day. I did think that Mr. Granville had an idea in his head to marry pretty Isa to Mac Neil. I don't think so now. Why, Marion, how you wince!"

"I?—nonsense! What difference would it make to me? But why would not Mr. Granville marry Bell to Mac?"

"Because Mac is getting on too fast for Mr. Granville. He wants Bell to marry a man who has got money and a steady business. Don't you begin life by falling in love with that little face. She is the most arrant little coquette in existence, and don't know her own mind ten minutes. Or if you do choose to get up a flirtation with her, don't make it serious, for she will marry, at ten minutes' notice, any man 'Pa' chooses, and he will not choose you. Another prudent reason for not falling in love with Isabella is this—Mr. Granville would make short work with your clerkship if it was to get to his ears. *Prenez garde.*"

Marion laughed, and thanked Mrs. Nordheim for the information she had given him, and then hurried down to the office.

CHAPTER XI.

Cows and Mocking-Birds in South Carolina—The French Coffee House in Warren Street, and its Visitors.

Nearly a year had gone by since the close of the last chapter, and two years since the arrival of Marion in New York. Not a week had passed without his writing a letter to his parents, or receiving one from them, and every now and then he would get some present from home, to remind him that he was not forgotten. He had remitted one hundred and sixty dollars to his father. The latter acknowledged its receipt, and while he thanked his son for sending it, declined to use it for his own purpose.

"We have no need of it, my son, but I have placed it where it will *grow*, in other words, cows are worth here at present only eight dollars. I have bought and branded M. M. twenty cows, and have registered them in the parish as yours. Four or five years hence my son will be quite a cattle proprietor. I have taken to Charleston

four cages, each containing a valuable mocking-bird: they will be sent to you by the first ship."

The ship arrived, and Marion gave one of the birds to Wilson, the book-keeper, one to Mrs. Nordheim, one to Isabella Granville, and the fourth—*Mr.* Nordheim offered to buy it. Marion refused to sell it, but begged Mr. Nordheim to accept it, adding—

"I have already given one to Mrs. Nordheim."

"I am aware of that, Marion, but I wish you to procure the handsomest cage you can find. Put my bird in it. I will give you the address to which I wish it taken, and you shall accompany it with a note from me. I have to ask an additional favour. You need not mention the circumstance of the bird, or any part of this conversation, or to whom I have given the bird."

"Certainly not, if you do not wish it."

As the office was closing that night, Marion asked Mr. Wilson if he would go and take a cup of coffee with him. The offer was accepted, and they strolled off to No. 9, Warren Street. At that time there was a French coffee-house there, kept by a sleepy-looking Frenchman named Blinn.

When Mr. Wilson and Marion had taken their seats at one of the small tables, Marion ordered coffee and omelettes for two from Blinn himself, who attended to all orders. The order was given in French. Mr. Wilson remarked it.

"Yes, I must confess, that such is my anxiety to perfect myself in French, that I come here every chance I get to practise. There are some very remarkable men, Mr. Wilson, visit this place daily. Fitz Green Halleck, the poet, who has rooms at 45, down the street; Charles Fenno Hoffman, and several others. I have become well acquainted with Mr. Halleck, and have been to his rooms at Mr. Martine's, where he has roomed for fifteen years. I like him very much. With Mr. Hoffman I am not so well acquainted. He must be preparing himself for death or the mad-house."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because I have seen him drink, at one sitting, and that not once, but a hundred times, four or five cups of this French coffee, as strong as lye. But that is not all; he places a large lump of sugar in a tea-spoon, puts it across the top of his cup over the coffee, then pours over it a wine glass of Kirchwasser, and burns it, the sugar melting

and running into the coffee. It is a devil's dose, is it not? "

"Yes, I should think so, if old Lucifer ever stimulates. I should think a few such cups of coffee, with the burnt sugar and Kirchwasser, would waken the old chap up."

"While we are waiting for our omelette, I propose to read you a letter from my father." And Marion read the letter about cows and mocking-birds.

"Cows are cheap in South Carolina, are they not?"

"Extremely so. But it costs nothing to keep them. If my father does as he says (and I never knew him do otherwise), I may own a hundred cows before five years are over."

"It will cost some money and fodder to keep such a stock in the winter," observed Mr. Wilson.

"Not a cent. Those cows will go off in the woods, and perhaps not be seen until next spring. Then father will hunt them up, for they will run with his stock. They will be found with calves; all the bull calves will be selected, fattened, and sent to Charleston, where they will bring seven dollars each. The heifer calves will be branded

M. M., and turned adrift again with their mothers and the bulls."

"How do you manage to keep them out of your neighbour's land? Do they break down fences?"

"Fences! Fences are somewhat rare in the great swamps and forests in South Carolina. Our neighbours do as we do with their cattle, and they feed themselves from one end of the year to the other. We only keep up a few cows for milking purposes. Why, we raise hogs and colts in the same manner. What do you think of Mr. Nordheim's asking me for a mocking-bird extra, eh?"

"I think he intended to give it to his mistress."

"His mistress!" and Marion jumped up; "mistress! what, does he keep a mistress?"

"*A* mistress. By the Lord Harry I don't think he keeps *a* mistress; I think it more likely that he keeps three or four. You seem perfectly astonished."

"I am, and can hardly credit it. His wife knows nothing of it."

"I dare say not. At least I should presume it would not be a very frequent or agreeable subject

of conversation in the family circle between man and wife. Don't you remember about four months ago asking me about a beautiful girl with light hair that called to get some money?"

"Very well. She was a beauty, I do remember."

"That was one of the mistresses of our worthy Mr. Nordheim, and she occupies a handsome two-story house in Broome Street, not far from Hudson. Nordheim has had her about a year. He picked her up somewhere in the country, and pays house-rent, furniture bills, &c., for her."

"It is a shame and a sin," said Marion.

"Not at all. Nordheim is rich, and the firm is coining money. He can afford it; and if a man can't do what he pleases with his own money, what is the world coming to in a financial point of view? I dare say you will see the lady with your own eyes, for I judge that the junior partner intends that you shall carry the bird up to Miss Norris, for that is her name. Don't those birds cost your father some money? I would not take twenty dollars for the bird you gave me. I have him hung up in Clark and Brown's bar-room, and the chap goes it with a perfect looseness."

"No, they are as thick at Monck's Corners as robins are here in the Spring. They build nests all about our house, and as soon as they are hatched, we take the nest and put it into a cage. The old birds follow, and then they feed the young birds in the cage until they are able to fly. Then we have to be careful—for the old birds, when they find their young *old* enough to fly, and unable to get out, go into the woods and select some poisonous berries, which they administer, and kill the little birds, if not prevented."

"That is queer, and bad in a financial point of view. It is getting late, and I must go," said Wilson.

Marion was extremely embarrassed when he reached Bond Street. He had made a discovery in reference to Mr. Nordheim that he would prefer not to have made. He felt guilty himself, and when Mrs. Nordheim asked him what the matter was, or if anything unpleasant had happened, he tried to laugh it off, and only made matters worse. Finally, he concluded that, come what would, he would keep the secret; and Mrs. Nordheim remarked, "Very well, Marion, you have made a discovery of some kind that affects

me, and you will not tell me what it is. That is not brotherly. I am the best friend you have in the world, and you ought to trust me as such."

When each retired for the night, there was a certain degree of coldness. Marion felt that he must regain her confidence at any cost.

CHAPTER XII.

The Home of a Kept Mistress—The Opinion of a Wife of her Husband's Follies.

True to his word, the next morning Mr. Nordheim, who was absent from breakfast at his own house, met Marion at the office, and handed him a note. It was addressed to "Miss C. Norris, No. 591, Broome Street."

"Did you get the cage as I wished?" he asked.

"I did, sir," replied Marion.

"Take the porter and go with it and the bird to the number where this note is addressed. Send him off when you reach there, and deliver the note yourself to the lady with, the bird and cage," said Mr. Nordheim.

Not many hours elapsed before Marion was at the residence designated. He inquired for the lady, and a negro girl received the bird-cage, and asked Marion into the parlour. He handed the note to the girl, and bade her take it up to her mistress with the cage and bird. While she was

doing this errand, he had time to look around the parlour. It was luxuriously furnished, a double parlour, with mahogany doors between, which were furnished precisely alike. The walls were covered with paintings, that at a glance Marion knew to be by the old masters. The carpets were so thick that you hardly heard your own footstep. In both the front and back parlours were centre tables of black Egyptian marble, and they were covered with books, bound in the most costly style of binding. Sofas, lounges, and ottomans were in every part of the parlour, and covered with the most costly blue velvet. Marion had no time for further examination, for the girl returned and said, "Missus wants you to come up-stairs." Marion followed her, and was shown into a sleeping-room extending the whole width of the house on the front part of the second story. His eye rested upon the same beautiful face that he had seen once before, and he recognized her at once. There was a splendid bedstead in the room, but the lady was dressed in a rich silk dressing-gown, and reclined upon a lounge near one of the windows. She raised her head as Marion entered. In her hand she held the note, and by her side upon the floor was the cage and bird.

"Oh, it is you, Mr. Marion; you do not know how very glad I am to see you. Mr. Nordheim has often spoke of you, and I have to thank you for this charming present. There, don't say a word. I know all about it. Come and sit down by me. Do you know that I had to threaten Mr. Nordheim before he would consent that you should come up here?"

Marion bowed and took the seat.

"I have not had my breakfast. Do ring that bell, and you must take a cup of coffee with me."

Marion was about to decline, but the impetuous girl declared he should. The negress came in, and she ordered a double breakfast. She gazed at Marion.

"How old are you?"

"I shall be seventeen before many months are over."

"You *are* handsome and good, and I shall like you very much. There, don't blush and look foolish. Wait until you hear me through. You know my relations with Mr. Nordheim. There—don't say a word—that is enough. Mr. Nordheim is kind—very kind—yet he is very jealous. There are things that I need—must have—I crave them.

I will have them. I crave knowledge. I read—read—read everything that I can get hold of. You see what a quantity of books I have got" (the room was littered up with books). "I have read them all. Mr. Nordheim says that you are learning different languages. Is that so?"

"Yes, madam, I am learning languages."

"How many have you acquired?"

"Two—Dutch and French. I am now learning German. I mean to learn more before I have finished," observed Marion in reply.

"That is capital. I am crazy to learn French, German, Spanish, and Italian. Now, tell me, how do you manage?"

Marion related to her his mode of learning a language.

"You have given me a new idea, and I shall not lose it. But now answer me another question. I cannot go about to coffee-houses and French places. How can I acquire the pronunciation? I know—don't talk. I must have a teacher. Now you can find me a proper person, who can teach me French, German or Spanish. I know you can. Nordheim says so, and he is willing that I shall have one of your selection. Why, Marion, you *are* handsome! What a fool

Nordheim is, to be sure. He might with reason be ten times more jealous of you than any man he has ever brought here yet."

Marion looked confused.

"You need not be afraid of me, Marion. I know your position at the home of Mr. Nordheim. I will not mention the name of that lady—it is too pure for my lips. I hope she is happy. There—don't say anything. You can serve me in many ways. Will you? That is enough. I frequently need money. Nordheim will always give it to you, or I will write a note to you when I want any special favour. Now about the teacher. Will you find one for me? Some oldish man who is poor." Marion promised that he would do so. "Find one, if you can, who can teach me several languages—a German, Pole, or Russian. I understand those people speak three or four languages equally well. Did you notice my piano in the rear parlour? If I was dressed and down stairs I would play and sing to you. Nordheim has had me taught the piano, and to sing—also to play on the guitar an accompaniment to myself when I sing. Oh, what pleasure! I should not have been allowed to learn that, but I could have a woman to teach me those accomplishments.

Pshaw! what am I talking about. You don't understand such restraints," said Miss Norris. Marion did, though. He was wiser than she thought. "What delight that bird will give me! What shall I call him? Oh, I know—Marion. That's a good name. I want you to get me a quantity of books—will you? You say 'Yes.' I will send you a list in a note, and you must get the money from Mr. Nordheim. Look, here is my hand-writing. What do you think of it? 'Neat and lady-like,' you say? Will you believe me when I tell you that when Nordheim—when I became acquainted with him, I could not write my own name? I have cause to be grateful to him for some things, if not for others. Now I know you are anxious to get off to that horrible office. Here is the breakfast. Help me to devour that, and then you may go. Not till then." She poured out a cup of coffee, made him eat some nice toast, and when he had finished said, "Now you may go, Marion, but have mercy upon my mania to learn French, and get me a teacher suitable to my circumstances." Marion promised, and soon after took his leave. The reader who remembers chapter eighth of this book will not need to be reminded that the country girl,

Clara Norris, who eighteen months previous had been brought by Mr. Nordheim to the city, and who was then innocent and ignorant, was now the luxuriously located, and the well read and somewhat literary kept-mistress. Nordheim had bestowed upon her every accomplishment that he could, consistently with his jealousy of male teachers. Miss Norris had led a life of seclusion, and devoted herself to study and to reading. Her mind was maturing for the most deadly purposes. She was armed with beauty, and needed but the sharper weapons which the mind's accomplishment would give her, to make her vengeance felt whenever she should repay upon man the injury she had received from his sex. Marion reflected well upon his position as he walked from Bond Street down Hudson, and when he reached St. John's Park one of the gates was open, and he passed in and took a seat in an arbour. There he remained over an hour, endeavouring to satisfy his own conscience as to what was right and proper for him to do under the peculiar circumstance in which he was placed. "I am living in the house with the pure wife of my employer. She is like a sister to me, and here I am forced by her husband to be a

sort of platonic friend to his mistress! Now mind, Marion Monck. Do what is right. You are obliged to do what your employer civilly asks you to do, but as the only person affected is the wife—and situated as I am, in the house with her, I will not lose her confidence, come what will. If she acts upon what I shall tell her, why then, there will be a pretty general smash up and breaking of things, and I must take my chance." He found Mr. Nordheim at the office. The latter quietly enquired if he delivered the bird and note, and when answered in the affirmative, made no further comment.

Mr. Wilson, the book-keeper, nodded to Marion, and whispered, "Been up in Broome Street, eh? Expensive in a financial point of view, eh?" Marion smiled and went at his work. When evening came he hurried home, and although anxious, yet as he opened the door of the tea-room in a cheerful manner, he caught the attention of Mrs. Nordheim, who congratulated him in being in so good spirits. "I am, dear Bessy, and I will tell you why."

She gazed into his face a moment, and then said, "Tell me why."

"Because I am placed in an awkward situation.

I have not shown that confidence in you that I ought to have done. Come what will, after tea I want you to go up in my room. I have some writing to do, and when we get up there you shall know all." She smiled. Tea was soon over, and Marion went to his room. He was soon followed by Mrs. Nordheim. "Now be seated, Bessy, and I will tell you all that I have kept from you. It may make trouble, but you shall never say I concealed anything from you, in any way or shape, or look coldly upon me as you did last night." Marion took her hand and told her *all*. Every thing that Nordheim—her husband—had said and done, and all about the beautiful mistress and her well-furnished home. She never spoke a word. "Well, Bessy, what is the matter? Why don't you say something? Are you angry with me?"

"No, no. God bless you, Marion. You have made me very, very happy by what you have told me. I could not bear the thought that my loved brother—my Marion, my friend, that I would trust with life, could be a traitor and keep back any secrets from me. No—angry? No. Why should I be with you? But I should have been outraged if you had not told me. So they would

get you into the meshes of that lady, would they?"

Marion was astonished, and asked, "Well, Bessy; it don't seem to annoy you at all, what I have told you?"

She smiled. "Brother mine, I have known it all along. All I cared about was your learning what I already knew, and keeping it a secret from me that you did know it. As for *that* girl—or Mr. Nordheim, I don't care the weight of a feather what they do. Did I love him, I might feel different. I married him to obtain two thousand dollars a year. It is settled upon me, and as long as I act right it cannot be altered. Let him do as he pleases. Keep as many women as he pleases. Seduce as many girls as he chooses, or corrupt as many married women as he sees fit. It is none of my business so long as he don't sport them in my face, or bring them into my house. Now that perfect confidence is restored between you and me, I rather like the idea that Mr. Nordheim should have selected you to get books and language teachers for Miss Clara. It will be extremely funny for us to know how my moral husband progresses. But Marion, mind you——" What she was going to say

—whether to caution Marion against being entrapped in the golden hair of Miss Clara, it is not our province to reckon.

"Dear Bessy, I imagined you would be outrageously angry with Mr. Nordheim and the lady, and that at least you would get a divorce or do something very dreadful. I am agreeably disappointed."

"Marion, you need not have had any such fears. He is not worth the trouble. Go to work at your desk. It is nearly twelve o'clock, and I must go to bed, for I am weary and tired. Good night, Marion; you have shown that you are a dear good brother, and I will never be angry again with you a moment. So she told you that you were very handsome? She is a fool, and ought to know that you are merely a child."

She left the room, and he went to work with his pen.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Marriage of Thomas Granville—General Jackson—The Party from New York.

THERE was a gay party assembled in an old-fashioned dwelling in the city of Baltimore, on Christmas-eve, 18—. The building was in the old portion of the monumental city, and was known as "the Castle." Few of our readers that have visited that city, but what will remember it. The rooms were spacious and crowded with guests, who comprised some of the oldest and best families in Maryland. There was more beauty in that assembly than had been gathered together for many years. Washington, the capital, had sent down several guests, among whom was the venerable President, whose slight figure and stern military aspect made all who approached him pause with respect and reverence. It was General Jackson. Several senators and members of the House of Representatives had come down with him.

There had been a wedding at five o'clock that afternoon in the Cathedral, and Archbisop Eccleston had performed the ceremony which made Thomas Granville the husband of Catherine Pinckney. The venerable edifice was crowded with spectators who had been invited to the wedding, for Granville had troops of friends, and the beautiful and accomplished bride had been the belle of Baltimore. She had refused scores of offers, for she had long given her heart to Tom. To be refused by Kate Pinckney was a part of a Baltimore young man's education. His education was not deemed complete unless he had offered his hand and been refused by Kate. The more intimate friends had been invited to a large evening party at the Castle, given by the venerable grandmother of the bride, whose age was nearly ninety, and yet she was as gay and as lively as any one of the youngest in that gay party. She was the widow of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, but had outlived her worthy husband half a century. She was rich, and although eccentric, and at times very penurious, yet when a favorite grandchild married, she spared no pains or expense to make a brilliant display. A daughter had married one

of the most gallant of our commodores in the last war, and from this marriage came seven lovely girls and two sons. It was one of those beautiful girls whose marriage had taken place that day.

All the other sisters were present, and their names were somewhat remarkable. The mother had named the younger daughters after leading men. There was Miss Madison Pinckney, next to Kate in years; then came Miss Monroe Pinckney, Clay Pinckney, and Calhoun Pinckney. The sisters, from the eldest, Kate, to the youngest, Calhoun Pinckney, were not less celebrated for their beauty than their superior education and accomplishments. Their father, when alive, had been a devoted friend of General Jackson, and the mother was not less so after his death. Hence the presence of the President on this occasion. He was in good spirits, and seemed as happy as though no cares of State, no United States Bank, or no disunion troubles preyed upon his mind. He even danced a reel with the venerable old dame, whose age lacked but five years of reaching a century. The President offered his congratulations to the bride and her husband with a hearty good-will, aud observed to the bridegroom,

"Tom, I understand that you are about to engage in mercantile business in New York. I hope you will be successful; but merchandising is but a species of gambling, and should you not succeed, come and see me."

Tom had visited Washington—he had told stories and anecdotes, sung songs at the President's fireside, and made many a gloomy, anxious hour pass merrily to the old hero, with whom he became a great favourite. "Come and see me" meant worlds when it came from Andrew Jackson's lips; and when, not many years after, Tom did go and see the old man at the White House, he made him dine with him; and when Tom felt almost discouraged at his future prospects being so gloomy, and was about leaving after the dinner, General Jackson told him to wait a moment. Tom complied, and walked to one of the windows that overlooked the Potomac. The President touched his elbow.

"Tom, that recitation you gave after dinner, which you say is from a play of our friend Howard Payne, was very good—very capital. Appropriate to you, Tom, eh? Pronounce it again here. I like it."

Tom repeated:

"I can believe that beauty such as thine
May possess a thousand fascinating snares to lure the
Wavering and confound the weak; but, what is his
Honour, that a sigh can shake, or his virtue, that a
Tear can move? Truth, valour, justice, constancy
Of soul, these are the attributes of manly natures.
Be woman ne'er so beauteous, man was born for
Nobler purposes than to be her slave."

"So he was, Tom—so he was. You and Kate have parted. Very bad—d——d bad. But, cheer up. What do you intend to do? Brother won't help you, eh?"

"No, General, he will not. I believe I am abandoned by all—have got no friends. Don't know what I shall do, unless I turn actor."

"You would make a first-rate actor, Tom, but wait awhile. You are wild, Tom—everybody says so—I think so myself. But you must keep straight with me. Have you any money?"

"No, General, not fifty cents."

"I will give you thirty dollars—lend it to you. To-morrow I will send your name into the Senate for confirmation as consul to the second city in France. Here is the money to get out of this place with. Come and see me before you go abroad. You will have plenty of friends as soon as your appointment is in the *Globe*. Good-bye."

But we are getting in advance of our narrative. Our readers must return from this little digression to the wedding party and supper. All the Granville family were there, except Mrs. Pitt Granville. Mr. W. Pitt Granville, his son Walter, and his daughter Isabel, had come on from New York to be present at the wedding. Isabel was one of the six bridesmaids of Aunt Kate—her sisters and Miss Benson making the other five. Walter was making the best use of his time with Miss Madison Pinckney, with whom it may not be out of place to mention that he was desperately in love—and these young people were actually engaged to be married. This was a secret kept from the elder Granville, who would have murdered his son in cold blood if he had suspected such a thing for an instant. Miss Margaret Benson, a daughter of Colonel Benson, had come on with the party from New York, as a friend of Isabella and her Aunt Kate. She acted as one of the bridesmaids, as before stated.

Tom had six chosen friends from New York who acted as his groomsmen. The first was Colonel W. Mac Neil; the others were Doctor Carnochan, a young surgeon who at that period had but little else to do than attend weddings, or

any other amusing affair, though now the leading surgeon of the country, if not of the world. A third was an Englishman of good family, a Mr. Sidney Herbert Cedar, who wrote tales for magazines, and gained by "hook or crook a living." The fourth was Mr. Francis Popinjay, who lived off his wits and his wife's allowance from out of a bankrupt estate swindled out of the Government by a notorious tea importer. The fifth was a character well known in New York as Colonel Le Grand Peacock, and the sixth was Walter Granville, Tom's nephew.

All the New York visitors were putting up at Barnum's Hotel, and late at night, when the party at the Castle was broken up, another elegant repast was spread by direction of Mr. Granville, under Barnum's superintendence. Some of the guests kept it up until daylight, in the long dining-room of the hotel.

It was decided that immediately after the wedding, the bridal party should return to New York, and then the bride and groom should go to housekeeping at once, in a house prepared by Mr. W. P. Granville, and there spend their honeymoon. We ought here to mention, that the engagement between Thomas Granville and Kate Pinckney

had been of some duration. It would have been still longer, had not Mr. Granville senior opened a negotiation with the venerable grandmother of the bride. Mr. W. Pitt Granville agreed that immediately after the wedding he would take Tom into the firm of Granville and Nordheim, and give him an interest in the business; and the relict of the signer of the Declaration, who was a shrewd business woman in her way, agreed to place 25,000 dollars in the concern for Tom, if he kept steady and devoted to business one year. This proved a prudent and safe clause.

The elder Granville was delighted with the wedding. He saw hope for his favorite brother, "Master Tom," as he called him, and he never dreamed that Tom would sport with such brilliant prospects or pursue a course that would dash his hopes to the ground. The elder Granville confessed to Colonel Mac Neil that he had never witnessed a bridal that opened with such brilliant prospects as that of his brother. Tom was gifted, clever, and amiable, and although somewhat eccentric, and extremely lazy, yet Mr. Granville concluded that when he became the husband of the brilliant, beautiful, and well-descended Kate Pinckney—one who brought

money to him, and a powerful connexion—one who actually worshipped the very ground which Tom trod upon, and whom Tom professed to love deeply and devotedly in return, they would be happy. These were hopeful prospects for the new beginners in married life; and what would have been the fate of any one of the brilliant crowd at that wedding, if he or she had prophesied that ere one year had passed, Tom would have left business and his brother, separated from his wife, so recently a bride, and that in that space of time she would have applied for a divorce, and that ere two years had passed, it would have been granted by the Legislature of Maryland. Such is life, under the most happy auspices.

The morning after the wedding, all of the party that had come on from New York returned thither with the bride and groom; and as soon as they arrived in that city, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Granville left for Niagara Falls.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Supper at the City Hotel—The Count Falsechinski.

Marion did not go to Baltimore to attend the wedding of Thomas Granville, although the latter gave him a cordial invitation to do so. His opinion of Tom was not very flattering to that gentleman in a business point of view. He thought that Tom was gifted, could tell a good story, and sing a song very prettily; but in all other respects he regarded him as a very light and silly fellow. He had a good excuse for not accepting the invitation to the wedding. In the first place the elder Granville would not have allowed Marion to leave the counting-room when he himself was absent. He was now seventeen years of age, almost fully developed in stature, and his features possessed a dignity that made him appear older than he really was. Two years and a half in the counting-room had made quite a change in the South Carolina boy. He had been promoted step by step for his devotion to

business, and now he ranked next to Mr. Wilson, the head clerk or book-keeper. Marion entered vessels and goods at the Custom House when they came consigned to the firm; he made sales of merchandize, purchased produce for foreign orders, and chartered vessels when needed. He also wrote most of the domestic business letters of the firm, and not a few foreign ones. He had assisted Mr. Wilson so often with his books, that he told Marion, as a great mark of his esteem and respect, "Marion, if I were to die, the best thing the firm could do, in a financial point of view, would be to put you in my place. You can keep the books as well as I can."

Mr. Nordheim did not go to the wedding. He was obliged to remain and sign cheques and papers during the absence of Mr. Granville. Marion, since his interview with Miss Norris, had received several notes from her, giving him commissions to purchase books, papers, journals, and many other things. He had frequently taken them up to her himself, and sometimes sent a note, with the article ordered, by the porter. Mr. Nordheim had frequently given him money to pay for such orders, and sometimes two hundred dollars were called for in one sum. He never refused a

demand from that quarter, and thanked Marion for relieving him of trouble and bother. He was really grateful.

Marion had made several attempts to procure a proper person as teacher of languages to Miss Norris, but the summer and autumn had passed since the request was made, and he had been unsuccessful. He almost despaired of finding one, and he wrote an apologetic note to that effect. The reply was, "Don't give it up. I will wait."

After the return of Mr. Granville from the wedding at Baltimore, Marion was relieved from many duties that became his while Mr. Granville was absent, and he found more leisure to attend to his own studies and amusements. About a month after the marriage, he was invited by Colonel Mac Neil to pay him a visit at his room in the City Hotel, and to meet a few friends. Marion accepted the invitation, and at nine o'clock was at the place designated. The colonel had invited a dozen people to a supper which was arranged to come off in his own parlour, for he had a handsome suite of rooms in the City Hotel, which was then kept by Chester Jennings, and was the principal hotel in New York. It

was here that all the great balls and famous dinners came off, and it was at the City Hotel that strangers of any note stopped when they came to the city.

The supper was truly a *recherche* affair, and did credit to the colonel's good taste in ordering it. It is a secret that few men possess, but Colonel Mac Neil was an old traveller. There were present at it several bloods and fast young men of the town, and they drank, sang, and seemed to enjoy themselves amazingly. Dr. Carnochan was at the table, and so was Mr. Cedar, the story writer; and to these gentlemen Marion was formally presented. There was a Mr. Wolcott, a son of an ex-Governor of Connecticut, a foreign Count with an unpronounceable name, and an Irish gentleman, that Mac introduced to Marion as Mr. John O'Doemall. After the supper had been disposed of, the colonel introduced cards, and parties were made up in different parts of the room. Marion was seated near the foreign Count, and as he noticed that he did not seem disposed to join himself to any of the parties at the card tables, he determined to form a more intimate acquaintance, and asked—

"Count, do you not intend to play?"

"No, sare."

"I believe I was introduced to you in a somewhat informal manner by our host, but your name escaped me. May I ask you to repeat it?"

"The Count Adolphus Falsechinski, at your service, sare."

"Count, I am really pleased to make your acquaintance;" and Marion opened upon him in French. The Count spoke it like a French native. Dutch—low Dutch came next. That the Count was at home in, and you could not doubt but that he had lived in the Netherlands from boyhood. The Count was equally pleased to find some one who could speak Netherland Dutch, as it was a somewhat rare accomplishment in New York.

"Pray, sir Count, are you a Dutch Count?"

"No sare, I am a Polish nobleman. I left my own country after the late revolution."

"Then you speak other languages — perhaps better, if that were possible, than you do Dutch, French, or English."

"Sare, I speak the English, the French, the German, the Russian, the Danish, the Spanish, the Italian, the Portuguese, the Holland Dutch, and of course the language of my own beautiful

loved country, which is Polish. I am also a good Greek as well as Latin scholar, and having resided in Greece some time, I speak the modern Greek."

Marion bowed to the Count with the most profound respect, and the thought came to him that it was extremely unfortunate that the Count was not poor, as he would be just the person to engage as language teacher to Miss Norris. He took a good look at the Count, and examined his dress. He wore *white* pantaloons. It was January, and the night was bitter cold; but Counts and other distinguished foreigners are permitted to do queer things. Still Marion would not have been much less surprised had the Count wore no unmentionables at all. The coat was a military arrangement, and buttoned close up to the throat. Although it was warm in the room, yet the coat clasped its owner closely, and showed no signs of unbuttoning. Conversation commenced again, and Marion devoted himself to the Count until the party broke up. Occasionally he watched the luck of the players, and particularly the Colonel. He could not exactly tell who was the winner, until he heard the Count remark,

"Ah, what a happy dog! The Colonel Mac

Neil has won three thousand dollars this evening. It will pay for many suppers."

As the guests of the Colonel were passing through the hall of the hotel, Marion found himself walking by the side of the handsome Count.

"Do you go up or down town?" he asked.

"Up," replied the Count.

"And as I am going the same way, suppose we keep each other company?"

"It will give me the very greatest of pleasure to do so," said the Count; and so they walked up Broadway. It was a bitter cold night. Marion wore a thick overcoat, but before the two pedestrians had got as far as Canal Street, he was almost perished. The Count had no cloak or overcoat, but he did not seem to feel the cold. Marion chatted away about the parties with whom they had spent the evening, and the Count gave him a great quantity of very useful information. He was quite indignant that the young blades who lost their money should have been so green as to lose it to Colonel Mac Neil.

"I am sure, Count, from some of your remarks, that you understand 'bluff' better or as well as any gentleman who was in that parlour. How

comes it, then, that you did not play and win some money yourself?"

The Count replied that there were many reasons, and some day perhaps Marion would be convinced that *one* reason alone was enough to prevent his playing.

The wind blew down Broadway so cold and so piercing, and withal so wild and fierce, that Marion remarked it could not have long left the region of the frozen North, where icebergs abounded. On, on they went up Broadway. Prince and Houston Streets were passed, and when they came to the corner of Bond Street, Marion stopped, remarking,

"Well, Count, we must part here, for I turn up this street to the Bowery."

"So do I," answered the Count.

The weather seemed to become more intensely cold. They reached the residence of Mr. Nordheim. Again Marion stopped—so did the Count. "At last I am home," said the former. "How much farther are you going, Count?" demanded Marion.

"Me?—well, I really don't know. I shall walk down town again, and if I do not find some place open that keeps open all night, I shall have

to keep walking, unless I get so very cold as to make it necessary for me to warm my toes in the watch-house."

Marion was thunderstruck. "Count, I wish you to come in. I have a good fire in my room. It is too cold to talk out here."

The Count declined.

"Pshaw! no nonsense with me—you don't know me. You can rest yourself a few moments, and then if you wish to go, you shall. It is near two o'clock."

The Count followed Marion into the house, and with little noise they ascended to his room. There was a cheerful fire in the grate. Candles were on the table ready to be lighted, and in addition there was a light supper waiting for Marion.

"Seat yourself, Count, and be at home."

The Count drew a chair to the fire, gave a slight shiver, and remarked, as though he had just found it out, "It is quite cool to-night."

"Decidedly," said Marion, who had got off his overcoat, and had taken a seat in a cosy cushioned rocking chair. "Now, Count, I want you to deal frankly with me. I am of the opinion that you have no room to go to to-night."

"You are perfectly correct. Such is the fact."

"Excuse me, Count; I do not wish to pry into your affairs; but when a gentlemanly person like yourself makes such an admission, it is high time that some friend should find out what it means."

"You are right. You noticed that I ate very heartily to-night at the supper?"

"I did—and wondered at it."

"This night food passed my lips for the first time in three days."

"Count, Count, this is too bad!" and Marion looked at the supper. The Count understood it.

"No, no. I have ate enough for three days more."

"How is it that I find you in such company, and without a home to go to?"

"Simply this, that I have kept up appearances to the last. Colonel Mac Niel knew me under other circumstances. He knows that I can handle cards better than he can. He knows that I am too poor to play. He invited me to-night, with the understanding that if he was beat by any of his rich opponents, I was to take his place, he was to furnish me with means, and my share of the plunder would have been what-

ever he chose to give me. He was lucky all the evening, and my services were not needed. I was too proud to even tell the person whose supper I had eaten, that I had not a cent, or a place to lay my head to-night. Had I done so, I dare say he would have handed me a five, as he would have done to a beggar, but would never have met me as an equal again."

"Count, do you know that you cannot get out of this room to-night?"

The Count insisted that he would go—that he was sure that he should be a trouble, and made a thousand apologies.

"I would cheerfully let you have money to-night, Count, but no hotel is open, and I really have business for you to do in the morning."

"Business for me!" the Count repeated, as though anything for him to do was an utter, and very absurd idea. He had lost all hope.

"Yes. Business—occupation. Something that will employ your time, and that will give you an income that will support you like a gentleman, as I believe you are. Yonder is a large double bed—you have got to occupy one side, I the other."

The Count would not—he would sit by the fire. But no—Marion would not consent to anything

but that the Count should immediately undress and go to bed. The Count was in despair. He would not undress—he would lie down upon the carpet, but he would not trespass so much upon the kindness of Mr. Monck. Marion became really angry, and the Count saw that it was so. He rose from his seat, and with quiet dignity said,

"Be it so. But you might have spared me from showing my disgrace." As he said this he slowly unbuttoned his coat and removed it from his body, and burst into tears.

So did Marion. "My poor Count, is it possible!"

The Count was vestless and shirtless. Not a rag covered him but that old military coat and the close-fitting military stock. He quietly took off the pair of white pantaloons and his boots. He had not even a pair of stockings.

"Do not be angry with me, Mr. Monck. This is not my seeking—you made me do it;" and as Marion continued silent, he added, "I ought not to have come here, and then I should not have been exposed."

"Exposed!" repeated Marion. "Why, Count, you don't know me. Thank God, you are not far from my size. Now, Count, I want you to oblige me;" and he opened a bureau, and took

from it two pair of thick woollen under shirts. "Put them on, Count." Two pair of woollen drawers. "Put them on." A pair of thick socks, and last, a fine linen shirt were laid across the chair. "All must go on."

The Count consented.

"Now these pantaloons—this vest, Count. Last, not least, this coat. Here is a new stock. Now Count, don't stop yet—I am master here. Put on this cloak—I never wear it. Now Count, you can take all these things off, and go to bed as soon as you please, but all will have to go on in the morning; and to relieve your mind of all obligation, let me say this—that before to-morrow night I mean that you shall have employment. Then, if you choose, you can pay me."

The Count was leaning his head on a chair, crying. He could bear up with the thermometer at twenty degrees below zero, but the kindness of a heart that beat at ninety in the shade melted him. He was like a child. "Don't laugh at me, Count," continued Marion, who delicately wished to spare the Count's feelings, "but I have done you the most gross injustice; and I beg your pardon a million of times."

"You, Mr. Monck? Why, in what manner?"

"Tell me, Count, you really wore those white pants this cold January night because you had no other?"

"Certainly: but they were respectable, and no one would notice them at a party."

"Why, Count, I think a hundred thousand times more of you than I did before I knew all this. I did you gross injustice about those pants. I never for a moment dreamed of the real state of the case. I supposed you were a stuck-up foreigner, that wanted to come some new dodge over us unsophisticated Yankees, and out-do us; and that you had put on those white pants to astonish the crowd. You did astonish me. Some day, Count, you will tell me how all this has come about. Not to-night. Now let's to bed, and get a good though short night's sleep, for it is after three o'clock."

Both slept better than usual—the one with the sweet consciousness that he had performed a good action; the other, that he had found a true friend and some comfort in his dreary walk. What passed in the morning in that room must be left to another chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

The Count gets a Place.

The sun was pouring his most brilliant beams into the room of Marion Monck when he awoke the morning after the supper at the City Hotel. He heard breathing near him, and as he turned his eyes to the spot from whence the curious noise proceeded, he saw the pale face of the Count. He was buried in deep sleep. Marion then recalled all the circumstances of the past night. He immediately arose, dressed himself without making any noise, and descended to the breakfast-room. There he found Mrs. Nordheim, who received him very cordially, and then inquired, "Who in the world, Marion, did you bring home with you last night? You were out very late." Marion took her hand and commenced an apology. She interrupted him. "Stop all that. I do not need any explanation. I have the most unbounded confidence in you, Marion, and am perfectly satisfied that when you do anything out of the usual

course of things, it is capable of being properly explained."

"But I must tell you the whole story."

Mrs. Nordheim listened with the most profound attention until Marion came to the part where he had to tell of the Count's real destitution, and then she cried in sympathy.

"Poor fellow! and to bear up so bravely, too! We must do something for him. What can be done?"

"Leave it to me, dear Bessy. I have a plan in my head, but have no time to detail it to you now."

"Don't attempt it. Go up and call the Count down to breakfast. I have a nice one all ready, and it needs but an extra plate, or he can take Mr. Nordheim's place. He did not come home last night, and I suppose he will breakfast down town to-day, or in—Broome Street. Never mind."

Half an hour later the Count was seated at the breakfast-table. He was a fine-looking fellow, about Marion's size, and the clothes he had received made him look much better than he did in the white pants the night previous. His moustache and imperial were properly arranged, his hair carefully combed, and he was altogether

a different person. His conversation was amusing, and Bessy Nordheim was much pleased with him. Breakfast was over.

"Now, Count, I expect you to go down with me, and, as I am late, I must hurry you. Marion sent the girl up for his cloak as well as overcoat, and after the Count had flung the cloak over his person, they left for Broad Street.

Mr. Nordheim was already at the store, and alone in his private office. Marion entered, passed the usual compliments of the day, and, after closing the door, asked Mr. Nordheim if he could have a few moments' private conversation with him.

"Unquestionably, Marion. Is there anything the matter at the house?" said he, somewhat startled.

"Nothing, except that I took a guest there last night, entirely unauthorised."

"Is that all?" and Mr. Nordheim looked listlessly out of the window. Marion continued, and did not stop until he had given in detail all that could operate favourably for the Count, adding, "You know, sir, Miss Clara has been very anxious for a person to teach her languages. I think this is the very man, if it meets your approval."

Mr. Nordheim was wide awake. "You have said nothing to the person about Miss Norris?"

"Not a word."

"Nor to her about the Count?"

"How could I? I have not seen her."

"True, true. Where is the person?"

"Seated in the front office."

"Stay where you are. I will go and have a look at him."

Marion remained. Mr. Nordheim was absent but an instant, and then he returned and resumed his seat, and reflected a moment.

"What do you propose to do in the matter, Marion? He seems a very nice person. Is he capable, think you?"

"I have no doubt about that, and I think that he is in such need that he will be very faithful to you, sir, if you pay him pretty liberally for his services."

"Indeed. You may be right. Suppose you engage him, then. Hire him for the office."

"For the office?" repeated Marion in surprise.

"Yes, sir. Engage his services at fifty dollars a month, to copy, translate, or do any work required about the counting-room, and make one of the conditions that he shall teach Miss

Norris any language that she wishes to learn. I suppose he can support himself very well on six hundred dollars a year, and I will have it charged to my private account. I will speak to Mr. Granville about the matter, and you can tell Mr. Wilson to give him a desk and find something for him to do. Draw a cheque for fifty dollars, and give it him in advance, and take his receipt. When this is done, you had better take him up to Miss Norris. No. Go up yourself, and see what she thinks of it, and if she agrees, the Count can go to give her the first lesson to-morrow."

Mr. Nordheim was a prudent man; if he paid for teaching he meant to make the most of the teacher.

"When you get things fixed, Marion, you can let me know."

What the junior partner said to the senior, rests with them. Marion informed Mr. Wilson that the Count Falsechinski was to be a clerk from that date, and then introduced them to each other, first telling Mr. Wilson all about the Count, and after he had asked the Count if six hundred dollars a year would keep him afloat, the Count could not contain his joy. He was almost annoy-

ing in his expressions of gratitude. "Keep calm, Count, and wait here until I return."

Marion went at once to the residence of Miss Norris, informed her of his success, and told her that now she could learn ten languages, if it pleased her to do so. He informed her of all that had passed. "Poor fellow. I know I shall like him, and you may tell Mr. Nordheim that I thank him very much. When will he come up?"

"To-morrow."

"Oh, no. Send him up this afternoon."

Marion returned to the office, where he found the Count already at work translating some invoices.

"Count, I have some other work for you to do. The junior partner, Mr. Nordheim, has a relative that he wishes to be taught French and other languages, if she wishes it. You will go there this afternoon. I will give you a note, and you can commence your instructions immediately."

"I like that very much, indeed."

"You will devote all the time necessary to the young lady, and purchase such books as she may need. You will get the money from me. Here is a receipt for you to sign for your first month's wages, and here is fifty dollars; and I

also recommend you to get a boarding-house without any delay."

The Count promised to do any and every thing. Marion gave him a letter to the lady at No. 591, Broome Street, and he delivered it that day, and then returned to the office. Mr. Wilson did not like the new arrangement. He was intensely English, and hated *foreigners*, particularly if they had moustaches.

"I will make that fellow do more work than he ever did before, but I am sorry he is coming into the office. I don't mind his teaching the young woman, although *that* is very bad, in a financial point of view."

The Count selected a boarding-place in John Street before night, and gave Marion a very pressing invitation to come and see him. The latter promised to do so the very first opportunity.

"Mr. Monck, I have no words that can express my gratitude to you. Last night I was almost in despair. I meditated suicide. I met you—I found rest—clothes—food—an income and a home, and a bright prospect of independence. What can I do for you? What can I say?"

"Say nothing at all, Count. Go to work with a good will. Teach that young lady all that you

know in languages. Be faithful in that quarter, for your income of six hundred dollars is more for what is expected of you there, than for office work."

"I know that already, Mr. Monck; and rest assured I will teach as no teacher ever taught pupil before, and I will do all that can be found for me to do at the office. God bless you, I say, again and again."

CHAPTER XVI.

Tom Granville's Extravagance—Washington Hall, and an Evening at a Faro Bank.

Agreeably to the engagement made between old Mrs. Chase and Mr. Pitt Granville, Thomas became a partner of the firm a month after his marriage. Mr. Nordheim agreed to it, on one condition, that his share of the profits was to continue the same, viz., one half. It was a generous act on Mr. Granville's part, to relinquish his own half share or any portion of it to his brother, but he did so—to what extent was only known to the brothers. The style of the firm remained unchanged. We have already stated that Mr. Granville had rented a house and furnished it previous to the marriage of his brother. To this house, which was located in Chambers Street, the new married couple removed on their return from Baltimore. The house was crowded with visitors, for Tom invited every body that he had ever known, to come and see him, and he gave a dinner

party every day of the week, and before March had given two large parties at night, and the doings got into the newspapers. Mrs. Thomas Granville became the talk of the town. Tom himself attended to business for about a month, and then he neglected to come to the office until one or two o'clock in the afternoon. His brother remonstrated, and plainly told him that such neglect would be ruinous; and Tom, to show how he appreciated such brotherly advice, did not come down at all, except it was to draw money. Luckily for the house of Granville and Nordheim, the partnership, so far as Tom was concerned, was a matter between him and his brother. No notice was publicly made, nor was it intended to be until the grandmother of Mr. Tom Granville paid the twenty-five thousand dollars. The way that Tom was going on—spending money at the rate of ten thousand dollars a year—made it pretty certain that the old lady would back out of her promise, for it was not probable that Tom's extravagance could long be kept from her. Still the senior Granville determined to keep his brother within bounds, and agreed to allow him at the rate of two hundred dollars a month, and no more. January and February passed, and

Tom rather increased than diminished his expenses, for he told Mr. Granville on the first of March, only two months after his marriage, that he required a thousand dollars to pay off what he already owed, and that if W. Pitt Granville would let him have that amount, he would solemnly promise after that to live within two hundred dollars a month. Poor Tom. The elder Granville gave him the one thousand dollars, but Tom was incurable. He flung away the money by the handful, and did not use the one thousand dollars to pay old claims, but spent it in new extravagancies.

About a month after the one thousand dollars had been advanced by one brother, and squandered by the other, Tom called at the counting room to make a fresh demand. It was evening. The next was packet day, and this was called packet night. In these days of steamers, the word may not be understood by the reader. In the days of sailing packets, nearly all the foreign merchants kept their offices open the night before a packet sailed for Liverpool, London, or Havre, those being the ports to which regular foreign packet lines were established. When Thomas Granville reached the office, he found his brother

had left, and was not expected to return. Mr. Nordheim was in the private office, and as soon as he became aware that young Granville was there, he came out, and invited him to go in the private room. Tom accepted. When they were alone, Mr. Nordheim kindly inquired after his handsome lady, adding—

"I think you are a very lucky man, Mr. Granville, in securing as a life partner so charming a person."

Tom said he was satisfied with his choice.

"I understand, Mr. Granville, that my partner has given you an interest in his partnership, and I was given to understand that you would take an active part in the management of our business."

Tom replied:

"I believe something of the kind was talked about, but I don't like business. I think it a most infernal bore. My brother thinks I ought to be down here at ten o'clock, but I find it utterly out of the question. I never get up until twelve, and it takes an hour before I get my breakfast down, consequently it is after two o'clock before I could possibly get to the office. My brother found fault, and I gave up coming at all."

"You do not appear to be as fond of commercial

business as my partner. He is always at his post before nine o'clock."

"He is, excuse me, a great fool for his pains. No, I don't think business agrees with me, and I shall cut it."

"You married a lady of some wealth, I believe."

"Not a red cent, as yet. She has an old witch of a grandmother who is as rich as black mud. She is ninety-five, and ought to have died long ago, but really she is so dried up and withered, that I think she may outlive me. When she dies, if the old fool will ever oblige her grandchildren so much as to die, she will cut up well, and my wife will get her slice."

"Meanwhile, Mr. Granville, how are you to live? I suppose my worthy partner allows you a pretty liberal sum, eh?"

"So, so; but I am spending more, much more than my allowance of two thousand four hundred dollars, and I came here to-night on a *beg*—disagreeable, is it not?"

"Very, Mr. Granville. People say you are one of the most fascinating dogs alive. Is that so?"

"I am overrated, I fear. I never tried to be very fascinating."

"Now, Mr. Granville, if you were so disposed, you could do me a great favour. I want to get rid of a woman, and if you would exert your fascinations in my favour, with a very beautiful creature, and take her off my hands—get me clear of her—I will not only be very grateful, but I will, as my worthy man, Wilson, says, make it an object to you in a financial point of view."

"Nothing will give me greater pleasure. Your wife, I suppose?"

"D—— it, *no*, man, not so bad as that comes to. No. It is a very beautiful, but terrifically expensive woman. In a word, I am tired of her. I want to get her off my hands, and yet I will not cut the connection myself, but if you can gain her affection—get her to leave me, and run off with you in such a way that she can have no possible claim upon me—I will give you, as soon as the work is finished, two thousand dollars. More than that. If you consent to do what I require, I will give you to-night five hundred dollars to commence the war with."

"I will do it, as sure as my name is Thomas Granville."

"You will have hard work. She has an easy time of it and every comfort and luxury, and—

and—I think she really loves me;" and Mr. Nordheim stroked his whiskers with great satisfaction.

"How am I to get acquainted with her ladyship?"

"She has a Count Falsechinski, who is a clerk in this office, and who is also employed in teaching her French. You must get him to take you there, or Marion Monck. Do it any way you can, except through me. She is very honourable. Were I to introduce you, and you were to make demonstrations, she would feel called upon to inform me. That will not do. Is it a bargain? Will you undertake it?"

"With the greatest pleasure; but I must have some money immediately. I shall succeed. Have no fear of that. Three months from this I will claim the other fifteen hundred dollars—perhaps sooner."

"I have not five hundred dollars with me; but I will draw a cheque for the amount, and go with you to the City Hotel, and Jennings will cash it to-night. He has frequently accommodated me in that manner after bank hours.

The cheque was drawn and signed, and then these two conspirators left the office in company

for the City Hotel. Jennings cashed the cheque. "I am walking up Broadway, and will keep you company, Granville, if you have no objection." Tom agreed, and on they passed until they came to Chambers Street, when Tom invited his companion to go home with him. This was what Mr. Nordheim anxiously desired, and they walked down Chambers Street to Tom's residence. When they entered the parlour Mrs. Granville was alone. She bowed to Mr. Nordheim, and then, in a very anxious manner, asked, "Well, did you see your brother? and with what success?"

Tom placed a roll in her hand, and replied, "No, Pitt was out, but Mr. Nordheim advanced me what I needed, and you can thank him for relieving our pressing necessities."

Kate Granville was somewhat surprised, and she thanked Mr. Nordheim, although somewhat coldly, for she had met him on several occasions, and there was something in his manner that did not please a virtuous wife. She was afraid of him, and almost wished that Tom could have procured the money somewhere else. But the money must be had, and she took it and used it.

Tom made no stay at home. Other guests

came in, and he left, apologizing to Mr. Nordheim, and saying he would return soon. He called Kate out into the hall. As soon as they were alone, she said,

"No, no, Tom. I know what you want, but I need every cent to pay what we must pay, or be turned out of house and home, and be disgraced."

"Only a hundred, Kate. I must have it. Why, woman, it is mine. I earned it—yes, earned it.

"Tom, you will lose it at gambling. I know you will; you have no luck, and—but, here, take it and go; I must get back into the parlour."

Tom got into the street, and with a hundred dollars in his pocket. He turned around into Warren Street, and into No. 9.

"Blinn, give me a glass of brandy and water. Has the Count Falsechinski been here yet?"

"No, Monsieur Granville. The Count has not been here yet."

While Tom was sipping his brandy the Count entered: "Ah, Count, I am glad to meet you. What in the name of Lucifer has come over you? Have you discovered a gold mine, a new tailor, or what is out?" asked Tom Granville.

The Count smiled, and took a seat. In a

moment, an idea seemed to flash across Tom's mind, for he asked, "Have you got employment to teach French to a young lady—a Miss Clara Norris—eh?"

"And suppose I have, Mr. Tom Granville, have you any objection to my making an honest living!"

"None in the world, Count, for I like you very much. I knew that this coffee-house is one of your haunts, and that you came here every evening. I had heard of a Count being employed in my brother's office and that he taught French to a very dear friend of my brother's partner, Mr. Nordheim, but I did not know that you were that Count. You remember your promise some weeks ago?"

"Name it, Mr. Granville."

"You promised that for a small sum you would teach me how to play with the chances in my favour against a Faro Bank."

"Excuse me, Mr. Granville—with the chances *not* in your favour. Ten weeks ago, when I made that promise, I was very poor. I needed money, and I was aware that you were losing money every night at a Faro Bank. I could have saved you from losing, but you did not

avail yourself of my offer. I am in different circumstances to-night, and I might decline your offer, but I will not. But I must do one thing if I assist you to-night: I will dictate my terms. First answer me this question: how much money have you in your pocket to lose to-night? Precisely, tell me."

"That is a queer question, Count. But I will answer it. One hundred dollars: no more, or no less."

"Now I will tell you what I will do. Give me that money in my own hand. You can come with me to Washington Hall—to the Faro Bank room. I will play for you, with your money. If I lose it, you are not to say a word. If I win, you will follow me out, and I will pay you one-half of the winnings."

"But, Count, that is rather severe. I put up the money; lose it, if it is lost; and if it wins, only get one half. Oh, no."

"Very well. Then I will not play for you. I put up my experiences against you with your money. It is worth *more* than your money if I win, as you know. Say no more. Those are my terms."

"There, Count, try it. Here, take the hun-

dred dollars; but I will go with you, and if I say 'stop,' or ——"

"If you say one word to me, I will knock you down."

"Why, Count, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing at all. Remember, not a word to me, for I will not only strike you, but I will deny that I have received a cent from you, and call you a liar; and, Mr. Tom Granville, the word of the Count Adolph Falsechinski with money in his pocket, will outweigh the oaths of Mr. Tom Granville, penniless as you are now. Trust me as a gentleman, and half the winnings are yours. If we miss each other when we leave the gambling table, I will come directly here. Do you follow."

The Count had the hundred dollars, and the conditions were arranged. Then the Count ordered a strong cup of coffee, and the pair left the French coffee-house for Washington Hall, then the headquarters of fashionable young New York. John Mariner kept it then. It has long ago been torn down, and its site occupied by Stewart's great dry-goods store. The Count and Tom went into the bar-room. Several of their acquaintances were there, and they all took a

drink at the Count's expense. As Tom Granville kept near the Count, the latter whispered, "Don't come near me, or speak to me again, until we meet at the French coffee-house. Don't go to the Faro table with me. Keep by yourself."

The Count shortly afterwards separated from the party who had drank at his expense, and quietly slipped into the great hall, and then passed to the third floor, and, on the right hand side, knocked at a green baize door. A question was asked by some one inside. The Count replied, and his answer appeared to be satisfactory, for the door was opened just sufficiently wide to admit him. When he had entered, the door was closed and fastened. There were two large rooms, separated only by large folding doors. In one of the rooms were several tables, and surrounding them were parties of two or more engaged in card-playing. In the other room was a long table. To this the Count approached. Twenty more persons were seated about it. One man, to whom the Count bowed, was dealing from a small silver box. On the table before the dealer, covering nearly the whole table, was a suit of cards, commencing with the ace and ending

with the king. By the side of the dealer was a man who acted as banker or treasurer. He had a box filled with piles of white, red, and purple chips. Each white chip was worth one dollar. The reds were fives, and the purples twenty dollars each. Another person sat close by the cashier, with a little box filled with white and black cheques on wires. As a card was dealt, he moved a corresponding cheque in the little box. This was the man who kept the game. The play was running high; piles of red chips were upon the cards, and the luck seemed to favour the bank, for the dealer raked pile after pile of the red chips towards him, and then deliberately restacked them in the mahogany box. Presently Mr. Granville entered. The Count was still standing up. He did not notice him. The play went on. One, and then another, left the room —had lost all. Their faces were haggard and despairing. The Count smiled. He was not ready to play yet. He was noticing one man, behind whose seat he stood. He seemed scarcely conscious of anything. He placed a pile of red chips upon the ace; the cards were dealt. He had lost. He rose from his seat, and, with horrid curses and imprecations upon himself, cards, and

everything else, left the room. The Count took the seat left vacant by this person, who had lost fifteen hundred dollars in half an hour.

"Hand me a hundred dollars' worth of red chips, if you please," said the Count; and, as they were delivered to him, he deliberately counted twenty, and piled them up before him. A new deal commenced. The Count placed a red chip on the ace—another on the seven-spot. It was some time before either turned up. He was a winner. Meanwhile the Count had watched other cards; the king had been dealt out three times, and the deuce-spot twice. He placed ten red chips on the king and five on the deuce. The king won. He had doubled ten red chips. The deuce won. The Count then placed twenty red chips upon the last deuce; it was a bet, and won. He looked at the game board—there was but one five-spot in. All the rest had won for the bank. The Count placed fifty red chips upon it, and won. That deal was over, and the Count piled up his winnings, but was perfectly cool. There was no limit to the betting allowed at that faro bank. If it bet fifty thousand dollars, it would be good.

Another deal began. The Count scattered one

or two chips on different cards, and they won and lost, until he noticed that but two aces, one seven, and one ten, were left in the dealer's box. He put down five piles, each of twenty red chips, on the ace, and won. He was paid in purple chips. He left all the purple chips on the ace again, and it won. There was but one turn more, and the Count placed five hundred dollars on it. It won. Another deal followed, and the Count played heavier yet. When there was but one ace left in the box, he placed fifteen hundred dollars upon it.

"That is my last play to-night," said the Count sternly.

The cards were dealt.

"He has won," said Samuel. And so he had.

"Pay me," said the Count; and he received from the smiling banker four thousand two hundred dollars, and it was paid as pleasantly as though he would not have cared if it had been four hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

The Count placed the money about his person, waited a few moments, looked at those who continued to play, and then left the room and descended to the bar-room. Several gentlemen,

who were broke, followed him, and begged a small loan.

"No; it is not my money," said the Count.

In the bar-room he asked several up to drink. Then Granville came up, expecting, of course, to be invited.

"If you drink, let it be at your own expense, Mr. Granville," quietly observed the Count.

Tom took the hint and sheered off. After the drinks had been settled for, the Count walked slowly to the French coffee-house in Warren Street. As he entered, he saw Tom Granville with a glass of brandy before him. The Count took a seat opposite to him.

"You are lucky to-night, Count," remarked Tom Granville.

"I played my own game, sir," replied the Count.

"You must have won a couple of thousand dollars."

Tom had got so excited before the last deal, that he had descended to the bar-room to get cool, and was not present when the Count placed fifteen hundred dollars on one card.

The Count placed roll after roll of money on the table.

"Hands off!" he exclaimed, as Tom put out a hand to clutch some.

The Count then counted it, for there were three bills of one thousand dollars each.

"Four thousand two hundred," said the Count.

Tom Granville ordered another glass of brandy.

"Four thousand two hundred," repeated the Count; "and your share is twenty-one hundred dollars;" and he handed him the precise amount.

"Waiter, bring me a cup of coffee and a cigar." He lit the latter, and, turning his face to Tom, quietly asked, "What was your meaning to-night, when you asked if I was *the* Count who was teaching French to Miss Norris?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. Count, how can I express my gratitude for this sum of money?"

"By saying no more about it. It is but a trifle, Tom Granville."

"I suppose you will now play on your own hook, and win a good deal more."

"You never was more mistaken in your life. I never play at faro when I have plenty of money. I only play with my last dollar, or when I have other people's money to lose or win with. What do you want to know about Miss Norris?"

"I hear she is very pretty. I should like amazingly to get acquainted with her."

The Count laid down his cigar, and gazed into the face of Tom for a minute ere he replied, "I will take you there."

"When?" asked Tom.

"Now—to-night. It is not late, and as you are a good musician, we will have music, and a gay time of it."

At twelve that night, if Mr. Nordheim had called upon Miss Norris, he would have had the pleasure of listening to a delicious concert. Clara played the piano, the Count accompanied her with the guitar, and Tom Granville, who would have made money as a tenor singer in opera, sang some of the sweetest songs in the English language; and in some few both the Count and Clara joined.

The Count, from some hidden motive, told a little anecdote, how Tom had lent him one hundred dollars, and how he had employed it; and added, "My share was twenty-one hundred dollars, and Mr. Granville has an equal amount in his pocket. I think, Miss Clara, you ought to teach him how to spend it."

What was the object of the Count?

Miss Norris regarded Tom as a flat, and she determined to take the Count's advice. She led Tom on so far as to promise that he would take a private box and accompany her to the Park Theatre the next evening.

The two gentlemen left the house together; and as they came down town, the Count told Tom that he had evidently made an impression upon Miss Norris, and advised him to follow it up. What was the Count driving at?

The Count saw Tom safe at his own house, and saw him enter; then he walked down to his own rooms in John Street, and enjoyed a good night's repose.

CHAPTER XVII.

Prime, Ward and King—Teaching French—The Thousand Dollar Bill—The Park Theatre.

The morning following the successful gambling operation of the Count at Washington Hall was a delicious April morning. Eight o'clock found the Count Falsechinski at the counting-house of his employers. Mr. Wilson had already arrived and opened the safe. The Count volunteered to assist him in transferring the massive ledger and journal and other books of a great commercial firm to the long mahogany desk occupied by the book-keeper.

When the work was done, Mr. Wilson thanked the Count, who asked, "What shall I commence doing?" The Count wrote a hand that was almost like copperplate. Wilson had become aware of the fact.

"If you have no particular objection, Count, I will get you to assist me in the books. You can copy my day entries into the journal."

Mr. Wilson showed him how it was to be done, and the Count cheerfully went to work. The stock of the Count advanced fifty per cent. that morning in Wilson's mind. After some little time had elapsed while working, the Count asked Mr. Wilson to name to him the most responsible private bankers in the city.

"I have not much to deposit with them, but I have this small amount that I should like to have placed in safe hands, where it would be drawing interest," and the Count laid down on the desk two thousand dollars. He took out one hundred dollars. "This I will keep. The two thousand dollars I wish to keep at the bankers."

"Prime, Ward and King, No. 42, Wall Street, are the firmest bankers. I would recommend them, but I am not certain that they will take your account. Who could you get to go and introduce you to them?"

"I know of no one," replied the Count.

"Then, Count, I will tell you what I will do. Their book-keeper, Charles Christmas, is a particular friend of mine, and I flatter myself that *my* introduction to him will be as good an opening as you could have. I will vouch for you, Count. About ten o'clock, if you will go with me to that bank-

ing house, I will do the needful, and get an account opened with you by that firm."

When Marion arrived, he was somewhat surprised to see the Count and Mr. Wilson on such familiar terms, and he was rather pleased than otherwise.

The bankers alluded to, Prime, Ward and King, were at that time regarded by the commercial community here, and, in fact, in every city of the Union, as the most solid house on this continent. Their bills of exchange on London or Paris would bring one per cent. higher than any commercial firm. The partners of this celebrated house were men of originality. The senior was old "Nat Prime," as he was familiarly designated. He started life in a humble capacity, and rose to be the head of a great banking house. His residence for many years was at No. 1, Broadway, now occupied as a hotel. "Sam Ward," the second partner, built a house on the corner of Fourth street and Broadway, and added to it a gallery of paintings, that was the wonder of the people in that day. James Gore King, the junior partner, was born in England, where his father, Rufus King, was Ambassador from the United States to Great Britain. He was named after

James Gore, a celebrated merchant. All these partners died long ago. The Count and Mr. Wilson went to the banking office of this firm. Wilson introduced the Count to the book-keeper, with a request that he willingly complied with. In a word, the Count was introduced to Mr. Ward, one of the partners, his account was received, and he deposited two thousand dollars, and wrote his signature upon the signature book. He also received a bank book, on the leather cover of which was printed "Prime, Ward and King in account with"—and written underneath—"the Count Adolph Falsechinski;" and inside he was credited April fourth with two thousand dollars, bearing interest at four per cent. per annum.

When this was all done, the Count took his leave, but not until he had made a very favourable impression upon Mr. Ward, who begged to serve him in any manner. The Count was a deep planner, and knew the world.

In opening an account with Prime, Ward and King, and getting one of their bank-books with the name of Count Adolph Falsechinski upon it, and a sum to his credit, he had procured a credit —a consequence, an endorsement, backers, position —that would be valuable in any part of the

Union. There was no disputing it. It was worth more than a reference, for either of the partners would have said they knew nothing of the Count. An authorised banking book, with a credit of cash in with so respectable a firm, told its own story. It was the best kind of a reference. The Count had his opinion of it. It was near twelve o'clock when all this was completed, and the Count, instead of returning to the counting house, parted from Mr. Wilson, and went to Broome Street to give a French lesson to Miss Norris.

He found Tom Granville already there. Miss Norris received the lesson, which occupied nearly two hours. Tom remained quiet until it was finished, and then insisted that Clara should read French with him an hour. Tom was a good French scholar, for he had in early life resided two years in France.

"By-and-bye. I will not, now. I want to scold the Count for not coming earlier. I waited for you two hours this morning."

"I am sorry for that, Miss Clara. I will be more punctual in future, but the fact is, I was obliged to visit my bankers, Prime, Ward and King, this morning,"—here he displayed carelessly his

bank book,—"and I was detained talking with Mr. Ward longer than I expected."

Tom opened his eyes, and even Miss Clara felt a greater respect for her teacher. Here was more mystery. A Count, and a book account with Prime, Ward and King.

"Count, Mr. Granville has secured a private box at the Park Theatre to-night. Shall we have the pleasure of your company? You will be welcome."

"What is the novelty? What is to be played?"

"The opera of 'La Somnambula.' Mr. and Mrs. Wood and Mr. Brough, with his magnificent bass, all appear in it."

"I shall accept your invitation with pleasure. I knew the Woods in London."

"The deuce you did. Tell us all about them, Count. Is Mrs. Wood his wife?"

"To be sure she is; but she was divorced from her first husband, who was Lord Lennox. Lady Lennox procured a divorce, and then married the tenor Wood. Lord Lennox used to beat her, it was said. I must go now, but will be here precisely at seven o'clock to accompany you to the theatre."

"Mr. Granville," said the fascinating Clara,

after the Count had gone, "how much have you left of the two thousand dollars you won last night?" They say you are a terrible fellow to spend money. I dare say you have spent it all."

"No, I have not. I have had no chance. See, here it is. Count it."

Clara did as she was desired to do. She took a thousand dollar bill. "Tom, I will be your banker, and keep this for safety. You will squander it. It will do you no real good. With me it will be quite safe."

Tom looked anxiously—

"What, afraid of me! Here, take your old trash. What I proposed was for your own good, and you know it well," and the fair girl pouted as though she was angry in earnest.

"My dear Miss Norris, you entirely mistook me. Keep it, by all means. I have the most perfect confidence in you. Indeed, I insist you shall be my banker."

"I will take good care of this money, if you wish it; but really, I had rather you would take it back.

But no, Tom Granville would not consent to do anything of the kind.

"Very well, then, I will keep it safe, and you

can have it whenever you wish. I should serve you perfectly right if I never gave it back to you. It was very wrong for you to kiss me. What would Mr. Nordheim say, if he knew it? But to show you that I forgive you, I will read French with you an hour, and then I must go, for I expect Mr. Nordheim, and he must not see you here."

Clara procured a book of French plays, and lay down on the lounge. Tom drew an ottoman near her head, and they read together. Tom was completely lost. That reading finished him. He was madly in love with Clara Norris. She saw it—her pride was gratified, and when he left he was perfectly insane about her. Wife, brother, business, all were forgotten. No sooner had he passed into the street than Clara took from her bosom the thousand dollar bill. Then she walked to a black walnut bureau, unlocked a small drawer, and took from it a bank book. Outside on the cover was marked, "The American Savings Bank in account with Miss Clara Norris." She opened it, and read off various sums. Five-dollars, ten, fifty, eight, twelve, thirty-two, fifty, seventy-five, one hundred, two hundred.

"Very good. This is a changing world. We do not know what may happen. Mr. Nordheim

thinks I am very extravagant. So I am: this book says I have already squandered in that Savings Bank eleven hundred dollars;" and she rang the bell. The coloured girl answered it.

"Cheeky, I am going out, to be gone an hour. If Mr. Nordheim calls, say that if he will walk down Broadway to Stewart's dry goods store, he will meet me coming up.

The lady went out. In less than an hour she returned, and took the same book from her bosom. Another one thousand dollars had been placed to her credit; and she carefully locked the book in the drawer, and placed the key around her neck.

"Now I must dress for the opera to-night. What will Nordheim say? But Tom Granville is brother to his partner. Surely he can't object to my going with him—and if he does? What a fool Tom Granville is! And yet I rather like him. So I do my mocking-bird, Marion. But that Count—heigho! I wish I knew his history —it must be a strange one."

There was a curious grouping of people in the old Park Theatre that night. Stephen Price was the manager, assisted by quiet Simpson. The Woods were cramming the house every night, and the treasury was overflowing. On this particular day

the Woods had dined with Mr. Granville at his residence in State Street, for he had been very kind to them, and was their banker. Colonel Mac Neil was at the dinner, and one or two more. Mr. Wood insisted upon placing a private box at the disposal of Mr. Granville and his family, and the offer was accepted.

Mr. Nordheim had also secured a front bench in the dress circle. He had invited Mrs. Tom Granville and her sister Miss Madison Pinckney to go with him. He knew that Walter Granville loved the latter, and so, to have Mrs. Tom all to himself, he invited Walter to go with him.

Mrs. Nordheim, the day previous, had expressed a wish to hear the Woods, and Marion had been able to secure three prominent seats—and he invited his old friend Wilson to take tea in Bond Street, and then go with Mrs. Nordheim and himself to the theatre. This was agreed to.

When the curtain rose that night, the pit, the dress circle, and the galleries presented from the foot-lights one sea of human heads, and they were all in raptures with the performance. Brough sang "My Boyhood's Home" as it never has been sung since, and Mrs. Wood enchanted the audience with "False One, I love Thee Still."

When the curtain descended, people began to look about them. Marion was the first to utter an exclamation of surprise. The front seats occupied by his party were directly opposite the centre of the stage. A little to the left was Mr. Nordheim, Mrs. Kate Granville, Walter Granville, and Miss Madison Pinckney. On the right-hand stage private box was Mr. Granville and his family, including Colonel Mac Neil, and in the opposite box was Mr. Thomas Granville, the Count Falsechinski, and Miss Clara Norris. Mr. Nordheim smiled, and came around and spoke to his wife. Marion, when Mr. Nordheim had left, pointed out Miss Norris to Mrs. Nordheim. The only person who felt particularly foolish was Tom Granville. Mr. Nordheim informed Mrs. Tom who the lady was that Master Tom had chartered a private box to accommodate. The eyes of the brilliant Kate flashed fire. She felt humiliated and disgraced, the more so, as Mr. Nordheim expressed the deepest sympathy. Poor Kate! Her love was fast changing to contempt; and Tom was more confirmed in his mad love for the beautiful woman by his side, as he noticed the withering glances that were bestowed upon her by those nearest and dearest to him. Isabella

Granville leaned on the front of the box, and attracted universal admiration. Marion seemed particularly struck with her loveliness, and made some very enthusiastic remarks in her favour to Mrs. Nordheim. She sighed, and in a tone of voice that was overheard by honest, tender-hearted Wilson, remarked—

"Have a care, dear Marion: don't fall in love with that trifler, or you will feel more sorrow than you ever yet have known."

Wilson seemed struck, by the sigh and the remark, with a new idea, and he turned his eyes from the one to the other, but he did not say what he thought of it, even in "a financial point of view."

Walter Granville did the worst thing he could have done. He tried to escape the observation of his father, and yet not actually neglect the fair Miss Pinckney by his side. It was of no use, for the senior Granville had a pair of eagle eyes, and his course was decided upon in his own mind.

At last the opera was finished. Tom and the Count went to a supper party at a Broadway saloon. The rest of those that we have grouped together returned to their homes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Marriage Arranged—Departure of Walter Granville—Death of Mrs. Pitt Granville.

It is not our purpose to write a philosophical work; if that were the case, we might philosophize upon the foolish but notorious fact, that a majority of parents, especially those who are possessed of wealth and aristocratically descended, or in position, deem it a parental right to interfere in the marriages of their children, and if these children happen to form any attachment, and the object of such attachment does not happen to come up to the parents' standard of the husband or wife they have arranged for their child, they, or one of the parents, goes to work to break it off.

Walter Granville was an only son. His father was most anxious that he should tread his own footprints, and be able to succeed him in business, and to keep the name of Granville in the commercial world for another century at least. The

father had given him a good education, and "Master Walter" had recently graduated at Columbia College, with considerable credit to himself. It was now the purpose of the father to place his son in the counting-room, and to have him settle down in life, as he termed it. He had determined that Walter should marry at once. True, he was not out of his teens, but that fact was of no importance to the senior Granville. He had a horror of Walter falling in love with any young woman that he, the father, did not deem a suitable connection. He had been driven almost to madness for several months, by having hints given him, that Walter was in love, and engaged to Miss Madison Pinckney. True, she was a very beautiful and a very accomplished girl. That is all very well so far as it goes, but to a mind like old Granville's, there was nothing tangible either in beauty or accomplishments. He wished for his son's wife, something more reliable. He could give a business and settle money on his son, and in choosing a wife for him, he wanted the other side of the house to be able to do the same thing. He had other objections to a marriage between Walter and Miss Madison Pinckney. His brother had

married one of the sisters, and one of the family was quite sufficient, as there was no money and never might be any. It all depended upon the caprice of a "mean, mad woman," as Tom designated the grandmother of his wife.

"If Walter will marry, I have a girl in view, that he shall marry, and I will make him do it at once, or know the reason why." Thus spoke Pitt Granville to himself. The party that he had fixed upon was Miss Margaret Benson, the daughter of Colonel Benson, and one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Kate Pinckney.

Colonel Benson had served in the English army, but he had married an American widow lady of wealth, who owned a plantation and several hundred negroes on Ashley River, near Charleston, South Carolina. He had resigned his commission in the British service and settled in New York, where he became a special partner in a commercial firm largely engaged in the English trade. The Colonel held some sort of special agency for the British Government, which gave him no small income. His wife had one son by her first husband, whose name was Glen Hammond. The latter was a wild harum-scarum fellow, who was travelling in Europe. By Colonel

Benson she had two children, a son and a daughter.

The name of the son was Middleton Benson. He was nearly of age, and was devoted to business, being engaged as a clerk where his father was a special partner. The daughter Margaret was a tall, dignified girl of eighteen years of age, very haughty, and proud of her descent and her position. She worshipped her father, and was not likely to fall in love with any man, except such a one as her father would approve.

Colonel Benson and Mr. Granville were on the most intimate terms. If the latter had needed, for any sudden emergency, half a hundred thousand dollars, the Colonel would let him have it any day before three o'clock. They dined, supped, and made excursions together; and almost every evening, if one did not come to the house of the other, that other was sure to know the reason. The marriage of Walter and Margaret had often been a topic of conversation between these two fathers. But, while Walter was at college, there was no need of being in a hurry. But the public attentions of Walter to Miss Pinckney at the Park Theatre had brought matters to a climax, so far as Mr. Granville was

concerned, and the next morning he sent a note to Colonel Benson, asking him to dine in State Street that day. The result of that dinner was that Mr. Granville agreed to place Walter in business as soon as he was of age—to settle immediately upon him real estate that should produce two thousand dollars clear income, and the Colonel agreed to give his daughter a house, and furnish it, and settle upon her and her children the income of thirty thousand dollars, two thousand dollars a year addition; and these conditions were to be complied with at once, and the marriage to take place without any delay.

Both parents shook hands cordially when these preliminaries had been arranged, and then they agreed to drink an extra bottle of choice old Madeira to the health and prosperity of the "to be" married couple.

The same evening Mr. Granville called Walter to his room, and informed him of what he had done to settle him for life. Walter listened, but did not say a word until his father had amplified and explained all the advantages of the match; he concluded, "Now, Walter, I want to hear your opinion."

"My opinion or wishes seem to have been little consulted."

"You do not mean to say that you are not pleased with the arrangement I have made for you?"

"Has Margaret Benson been consulted? Is she aware of the honour about to be conferred on her?"

"What in the world has she got to do with the matter, so far as we are concerned? Her father will arrange with her. It is my duty to attend to your welfare and happiness. Now, Walter, speak out like a man. Don't have any foolish modesty. Of course you authorize me to say to Colonel Benson that you are delighted with the prospect, and all that sort of thing, eh, Walter?"

"Father, I believe you love me. I do not think you have anything nearer to your heart than my happiness. Is it not so?"

"Of course it is, my boy. I love you better than I do myself—and I flatter myself that if any proof were wanting that I love and care for you, this arrangement between Colonel Benson and myself, made this afternoon, is enough to convince you of the fact."

"Father, I cannot marry Margaret Benson—I do not love her."

"Pooh, pooh!—is that all? You will soon learn to do so. You must marry her—I have given my word."

"There is still another reason. I love another, and I have promised to marry that other."

"You have! I think, Master Walter, that I have one or two words to say about *that*. You mean Madison Pinckney. She has not got a cent, and is very extravagant, or will be so, if she ever gets a chance. No, no, Walter; drop all such nonsense. I will give you until to-morrow before I go to dine with Colonel Benson to think it over, and then I think you will do as I wish."

"Father, let it be settled now. I cannot give up Miss Pinckney, and I *will* not. My word is given to her, and my affections also. If you do not sanction my marriage with her, I must do without it, or wait until you do. I will not marry Miss Benson under any circumstances; I do not love her, nor could I have done so had my love to Miss Pinckney never existed."

"Now, hear *me*, Walter Granville. From this moment I disown you as entirely as if you had

never been born. Go out of this house for ever. Go and marry Miss Pinckney to-morrow, if you choose; or go to the devil. You have disobeyed your father, and I will disinherit you. You have mortified me beyond measure. How can I look Colonel Benson in the face? You need not go penniless. Take this money."

Walter took it, and then flung it upon the floor.

"Perish your money! I want none of it, and I will get out of the house before an hour. I merely wish to bid my mother and my sister good-bye; and—farewell, sir. The day may come when you will regret this harsh treatment."

"Never, sir. If you should change your mind, and come back obedient to my wishes, you will be my son once more. Until that day comes, I care not to see you again. Begone!"

Walter Granville bowed and left the room. He was not long in packing a trunk with clothing. That done, he went to his mother, who was an invalid. What passed between mother and son is only known to them. Isabella was not at home. An hour after a hack conveyed Walter and his trunks to the City Hotel. He selected a room, and then hurried up to Chambers Street to

his Aunt Kate's. Madison Pinckney he felt could sympathize with him. He found her alone.

Walter had yet to learn another lesson. Madison Pinckney was perfectly cool and very calm, while Walter, whose mind was frenzied, narrated all that had passed. At last Miss Madison spoke.

"You are a silly boy, Walter. Quarrelled with your father, and he has turned you out of doors."

"It was for your sake, dearest Madison. I could not marry Margaret Benson and continue to love you."

"And pray, who wished that you should? But, Walter, you certainly have no idea that I am such an immense simpleton as to dream of marrying you, after you have been cut adrift by your father. I would do nothing of the kind. We would starve in six weeks. Love is very fine if you have money or business enough to keep house and be comfortable. Now I advise you to forget me as quick as possible, for if your father has fairly made up his mind against me, and in favour of another young lady as your wife, further words are useless. He is not a man to change, and although as his

son, you are of some account in the world, yet, cast off by him, I don't know what you will do."

"But, Madison," exclaimed poor Walter, who was completely heart-broken, "your letters—your caresses—your promise—your——"

"Do, for mercy's sake, stop repeating that lover's catalogue. I dare say I have been very foolish, but I did not dream that your father would oppose your marriage with me. Now be a good boy. My advice is to go to your papa. Tell him you have been to see me, and that you have told me that you cannot marry me, and promise your father that you will marry Miss Benson any day that you are called upon to do so."

"My dream is over," exclaimed Walter. "Past —gone."

"That is right, Walter. Wake up, and get over dreams as soon as possible. They are extremely unhealthy, and make people nervous. Come and see me as a friend any time that you have leisure. I must say good-night, now," and she left the room. Walter seized his hat and hurried back to the City Hotel. He was enraged and mortified at himself. He did not go home to State Street again. That evening he met with a wild young

fellow that he had known for some years—a regular New York boy.

"I'm off to-morrow," said Charley King.

"Where to?" inquired Walter.

"On board a whaler bound round the Horn."

"Could I get any berth aboard?"

"Certainly; and the skipper would be glad to get you. Have you got any money?"

"Plenty."

"Then let's have a regular night of it."

Walter agreed. They visited every drinking place as long as any was open, and then returned to Walter's room. The next day Walter had shipped for a whaling voyage. The ship Dorothea went to sea the next day, and it was many months before Mr. Granville ascertained what had become of his son.

Meanwhile Mrs. Granville became worse. The loss of Walter preyed upon her mind, and her strength failed daily. May arrived, and one morning Mr. Granville did not come to the office. It was whispered that Mrs. Granville was worse —dying. Then a note came for Marion Monck to come at once to State Street. When he arrived, the servant said he had orders to show him up to Mrs. Granville's sick room, where Mr. Granville

was. He entered the room. The proud merchant was weeping and kneeling by the bed, with a hand of his wife in his. Isabella, too, was sobbing as though her heart would break. Marion was about to retire from so sacred a scene, when the eyes of the dying woman fell upon him. "Come here, Marion," she whispered, "give me your hand, and promise me that you will be a faithful friend to my two children, and find the lost one, and tell him his mother blessed him before she died." Marion promised. "They will need a true friend some day. Be a brother to my poor Isabella. God bless you." Marion left the room, but not the house. He remained in the parlour. Some time elapsed, and then Mr. Granville came into the room, still sobbing.

"It is all over. She is dead. Close the office, and then come back for further directions. Bring Mr. Wilson down with you."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Cholera—Summer—Changes.

The funeral of Mrs. Pitt Granville was plain and simple, and according to the English mode. She was buried in a vault belonging to Mr. Granville, in St. Thomas's Churchyard. The office was closed the day she died and the day the funeral was celebrated. All the connections went into deep mourning, and for a few days Mr. Granville forgot his usual gaiety. The spring months passed away, and then came the summer, —that terrible summer, when the Asiatic cholera made its first appearance in New York. What a scattering of people when the fact became apparent that the long-dreaded scourge was here! Mr. Granville took his daughter to the residence of Colonel Benson after Mrs. Granville's death, and when the cholera broke out she was with Colonel Benson and his daughter at Niagara Falls.

Mr. Nordheim closed up his house in Bond

Street, and found a refuge for his wife at the village of Woodbury, some twenty miles north of New Haven, Connecticut. He did not remain but a week with his wife, and then started off on a tour of pleasure. Mrs. Tom Granville and her sister went to Saratoga, while Tom accompanied Clara Norris to her early home in Sussex County, New Jersey.

Mr. Granville concluded not to leave the city, and his example was followed by Mr. Wilson, the Count Falsechinski, and Marion Monck. Although the Count continued his lessons daily to Miss Norris up to the day of her departure, yet he had regarded them as a secondary affair. Save when absent to give these lessons, he had devoted every hour to business. He was at the office early and late. At last he became so useful to the book-keeper, that he made him his assistant, and Mr. Granville ordered his salary to be raised to eight hundred dollars per annum, and to be paid by the house, and not out of Mr. Nordheim's private funds. Mr. Granville invited Marion to take up his residence at his house in State Street, to keep him company.

It would be a melancholy chapter if I were to relate all that occurred in the city while the

cholera raged here. It did not make Marion falter or flinch. At that time there was scarcely a store in Broad Street except the one occupied by Granville and Nordheim. The street was filled with private residences and boarding-houses. Opposite to Mr. Granville's store, at No. 24, was a boarding-house. Marion counted in one day nine coffins taken out of the one house, and that very evening he felt convinced that he had the cholera. Mr. Granville was alarmed, and made him go to bed, and sent for funny old Doctor Francis. He was shown into Marion's room. There Marion lay groaning with the cholera. The Doctor felt his pulse, asked some questions, and Marion related how many coffins he had seen brought out of No. 24, Broad Street. The Doctor smiled, and ordered up a slice of bread. When it came up, he made up two or three small pills with it. Marion looked at his proceedings with astonishment.

"Take these pills; they will cure you," said the Doctor.

"Why, they are nothing but bread," said Marion, and he jumped up in a rage at the idea of the Doctor making fun of him.

"Why, the very sight of my pills has cured

you," and the Doctor laughed heartily. Marion commenced dressing, and he could not help laughing also. It was catching. Mr. Granville laughed, and so did the servant. "Nothing serious is the matter with you. You have no cholera. You have seen so many coffins to-day that your nerves have become excited, and you fancied you had the cholera. It's lucky for you, my boy, that I discovered the fact, or you might have had it in earnest, and perhaps died with it," said Doctor Francis solemnly.

The Doctor descended to the parlour, accompanied by Marion Monck and Mr. Granville. A glass of old Maderia made Marion quite well, and when the Doctor departed, he went part way home with him. Many persons in the hands of less sensible doctors died that summer with the cholera, who had no more cholera at the commencement than did Marion. The doctors treated such cases as cholera, and they died of cholera.

While the epidemic lasted, only once did Marion leave the city, and then he obtained leave of absence for a week, and he spent it at the village where Mrs. Nordheim had gone.

There are some lovely villages in the State of Connecticut, and none more so than the beautiful

town of Woodbury, in the county of Litchfield. It is on the mail route between New Haven and Litchfield, and about fifteen miles south of the latter town. The town extends three miles, with houses prettily laid out along the whole line. There are three places of public worship, and one, the Episcopal, is located in the corner of a burying ground, that has been used as such for over two centuries. At the south end of the burying-ground is a neat, well-kept inn, with a large garden that adjoins the burying-ground. It was at this inn, or hotel, that Mrs. Nordheim had obtained quarters during the prevalence of the epidemic in New York. When Marion obtained leave of absence for a week, he hurried up to this town, and he was delighted with it. It was such a contrast with a town in his own State of South Carolina. In the village where he was born there was not a school-house; and, in fact, not one within thirty miles. In this Connecticut town there were no less than five district schools, and one academy kept by one of the clergymen of the aforesaid churches. Marion soon became acquainted with the principal people. He attended singing schools, went on fishing excursions, clambered over rocks, bathed in the river, and almost

every day accompanied Mrs. Nordheim to spend the afternoon or evening with some one of the families with whom she had become acquainted.

The week of absence soon passed away, and he returned to the city. Mrs. Nordheim continued to reside at the village inn until the cheering news reached there that the cholera had abated in the great city. Arrangements were made for her return, and one lovely October morning she left the quiet country life to take her part again in the city of New York.

One by one, family after family, returned to New York, and about the close of November the principal part of the absentees had returned, and were as gay and devoted to worldly pleasures and pursuits as though the Almighty had not sent a destroying Angel into the city to remove by sudden and horrid deaths a large portion of the unthinking population.

CHAPTER XX.

The Commercial Success of Marion Monck—The Count Falsechinski Speculates and Makes Money in Stocks—The Bargain of Mr. Granville with Mr. Nordheim—Marion is nineteen years old—Mrs. Nordheim proposes a Party—The Irish Adventurer, John O'Doemall—Anecdote of his Arrival in New York.

A YEAR passed away from the time when the scattered and scared persons alluded to in our story returned to the city after the cholera summer. During that year few changes or occurrences took place worth noticing. The duties of the counting-house of Granville and Nordheim were carried on as usual, and their business increased rapidly. Mr. Nordheim was absent from the city, or engrossed with schemes of his own personal pleasure. After the death of his wife, and the departure of his son Walter, Mr. Granville seemed to lose a portion of that business energy that so strongly characterised him. These two facts flung a greater responsibility upon Marion Monck, and Mr. Granville had already entrusted him with a power of attorney to sign

the name of the firm. It was a great trust for so young a man, as Marion was not quite nineteen years old. But he was of the right metal, and this confidence served as a more powerful incentive to renewed activity and devotion to the business of his employers.

The Count Falsechinski, during the eighteen months that followed the cholera summer was not idle. He devoted his time to the duties of the office, and by a careful economy had increased his deposits with his bankers, Prime, Ward, and King. He had become acquainted with the different members of that distinguished firm, and one of the partners made a suggestion to the Count, in reference to taking an interest in a purchase of stock which was to be "cornered," which proved valuable; for the Count availed himself of it to quite a large amount, at least to four times his capital, his bankers making the purchase, and retaining as a "margin" the funds of the Count in their hands. One December morning, the Count received a note from his bankers, requesting him to call at the banking-house, No. 42, Wall Street, early in the morning, and Mr. Ward surprised him by saying—

"Count, you are aware that our firm purchased

for your account ten thousand dollars' worth of Morris Canal stock. It has advanced fifty per cent. on the price we paid. Shall we sell it at the Board to-day? I think it has reached a high limit. It may go higher, but you will make a good thing of it at yesterday's quotations. What do you say?"

The Count had very little to say, except to authorize the sale at the Board that day. His orders were complied with. The stock had advanced still more, and when the Count's bank book was wrote up and handed him next day, he found that he had to his credit over eight thousand dollars. This did not move him. He was the same quiet, smiling, unobtrusive Count. He attended in Broome Street, and gave his lessons to Miss Norris regularly; and that young lady was already an excellent Spanish and German scholar, as well as French, which was the first language he taught her. Frequently he met Tom Granville at the residence of Miss Norris, but the Count took very little notice of him on such occasions, nor did the notorious fact that Tom was perfectly fascinated with the beautiful and accomplished girl seem to disturb the usual placidity of the Count. Occasionally, when he called

to give a lesson, he met Mr. Nordheim in the house of Miss Norris, and he seemed pleased with the progress that his *protégé* had made.

Our readers will remember that Tom Granville had made an arrangement with Mr. Nordheim to take Miss Norris off his hands in a specified time. He had signally failed; for although it was quite apparent that Clara liked Tom, yet her ambition to learn, and the advantages she had in her present relations with Mr. Nordheim, made her decline in the most positive manner all overtures to change, or make any arrangement with Master Tom. Now and then, when Tom became clamorous for funds, Clara would give him a few tens from the amounts she received from Mr. Nordheim, but she never went to draw money from the Savings Bank. She received Mr. Tom Granville's attentions without the slightest objection. She allowed him to escort her to public places on all occasions, and it would almost seem that she was aware of the secret purpose of Mr. Nordheim, but she kept her own counsel in this respect. Tom occasionally spoke of his progress to Mr. Nordheim. The latter merely smiled, with a few words, such as, "Well, Tom, more money, I suppose." Tom would leave with a hundred dollars

in his pocket. He still kept house in Chambers Street, but left his wife to get on as well as she could; but when she needed advice, she found an adviser in Mr. Nordheim, who was a regular visitor in Chambers Street, and escorted Mrs. Tom Granville to nearly every private party which she attended. Many who had met them frequently in public, thought that they were Mr. and Mrs. Nordheim.

Meanwhile Marion Monck was residing in Bond Street, where he had removed when Mrs. Nordheim returned from the country after the cholera. Marion and Bessy were like brother and sister.

Another visitor now made his appearance in Bond Street, and not a Sunday passed that he did not dine at Mrs. Nordheim's. This was no less a personage than our serious, methodical old book-keeper, Mr. Wilson. His attachment to Marion, his sterling integrity and good sense, had rendered Mr. Wilson a great favourite with Mrs. Nordheim, and a welcome visitor. He was a safe man, and the lady felt that he was one of those that could be relied upon in a case of emergency, should such a case ever approach her home. The Count Falsechinski was also a regular visitor at

Bond Street. He was accomplished, and helped to wile away many an hour pleasantly that without his music and animated conversation would have been dull and cheerless.

December had arrived, and it was near the anniversary of Marion's birth-day. Mrs. Nordheim had determined to make some preparations for the day when her "brother Marion" would be nineteen years old. She had consulted with the Count and with Mr. Wilson, as to what she should do to make the occasion an agreeable one, and to be remembered. They advised a party in the evening, and this was decided upon.

"Marion," said the lady, a few days before the event was to happen, "I am going to give a small party on the evening of your birth-day. I hope the idea will please you."

"Most unquestionably; whatever you do, dear Bessy, pleases me. I have a happy home, and I ought to be very thankful to you. I wish you would tell me how I can be sufficiently grateful for all your goodness and kindness to me."

"By telling me who to invite that you know, and that I do not. See, here is the list of those I have already invited."

Marion took the list, and carefully read over the names.

"Why, you seem to be better acquainted with the names of my friends, Bessy, than I am myself; and yet there is *one* name that is not on the list, and I wish you would invite the person. I have met him frequently, and he has behaved with great civility to me. I know of no way to return it except by inviting him here. I will take the invitation when you have filled it up, and deliver it myself. Here is the name." And Marion wrote in pencil upon a slip of paper, "John O'Doemall."

The name was transferred to an envelope, and in the course of the day Marion delivered it to the party for whom it was intended. He found Mr. O'Doemall in his room at the City Hotel, for this Irish gentleman never stopped at any place except it was *the* first-class hotel.

As Mr. O'Doemall will be frequently introduced into this local history, it will perhaps be as well that I should give a brief narrative of his career from the time he reached our hospitable American shore, until he makes his appearance as one of the leading characters in our story.

Ireland never sent to the United States a more

perfect gentleman than John O'Doemall. He claimed to be an Irish peer, but in disguise. He spoke the Spanish language as well as English, was really handsome, very aristocratic in his bearing, dressed well, had the manners and used fluently the language of an educated gentleman. He was a fascinating lady-killer. He could discourse of beautiful scenery, Moorish palaces, the Alhambra, Mount Zion, and the river Jordan, life in Spain, in Germany, France, Holland, Greece, and the East, including Jerusalem, Grand Cairo, and Mecca. There could be no doubt but that Mr. O'Doemall had been a very great traveller. Exclaim suddenly "Jack—you, Jack!" and Mr. O'Doemall would jump up hastily and reply, "Ay, ay, my Lord!" This was tried on frequently by doubtful people, who had heard of this peculiar trait in this original Irish character. There seemed no possible way of accounting for it, except by surmising that gentlemanly Jack had been, at no very remote period, a valet to some Irish or English peer, and had travelled with the said peer in those countries which Mr. O'Doemall could talk so learnedly about. This was probably the true secret of the former occupation of the Irish adventurer. Doubtless he had

committed some rascality that had parted him from his noble patron, and rendered it necessary that he should try the American continent. He landed from a Liverpool packet ship of the Black Ball line, but as his name never appeared in the list of cabin passengers, it was reasonably supposed that he came in the steerage. Before he had been in New York a week, he could have been found at the City Hotel, located in a comfortable apartment, and perfectly at home.

One day at dinner his agreeable, gentlemanly language made an impression upon a neighbour at the table, who formed one of a group of gentlemen that were sipping their wine together after most of the other diners had left the table. This gentleman invited John to take a glass of wine with him, and finally to draw his chair nearer and join the drinking party. John cheerfully accepted the invite, and before another hour had passed he had made a still more decided impression upon the individual alluded to. The conversation became general, and John was brilliant. One of the party having made a statement that anybody could earn a living in this country, was asked by John O'Doemall the following question:

"How can a reduced Irish gentleman earn an honourable living?"

"Easily enough; provided he is not too proud to take any situation that offers."

"What position could I get?" asked John.

"I have but one that I could offer you," was the reply. "I keep a hotel at West Point, and I need a bar-keeper."

"And if you think I would suit you I accept the situation," said O'Doemall.

The bargain was concluded, and Mr. O'Doemall received a sufficient sum to pay his hotel bill. The next day he left the city in company with his new employer, and before the week had passed he was concocting drinks for the pupils of Uncle Samuel's great military establishment near the Highlands.

This worthy hotel proprietor had a young and very beautiful sister. Of course it was not long before Mr. O'Doemall became acquainted with this sister, and also with the fact that she had the snug little sum of ten thousand dollars in her own right, which sum would become hers the very day she married. What arts so accomplished a traveller as Mr. O'Doemall used with a simple country girl to fascinate her, it is needless to mention. They can be easily guessed. How

quietly and how adroitly everything was managed was wonderful. Had a thunderbolt pitched into the brain of the worthy landlord, he could not have been more astonished than when, one afternoon, just as he was preparing to take a siesta after dinner, his bar-keeper requested a private interview. Somewhat astonished at the request, the landlord complied. When they were alone, Mr. O'Doemall remarked—

"I believe, sir, I have been with you three months? Perfectly satisfied with my manner of performing my duties?"

"I have no particular fault to find, Jack," said Mr. Cozzens.

"Well, sir, I shall leave you in the down boat this evening, and shall take my wife with me."

"Your wife! I didn't know you had a wife! Where the devil have you kept her?"

"I have only been married about a week, sir. Perhaps you will have the kindness to read this certificate. It slightly concerns you, and when you are satisfied, I shall expect some sort of arrangement in reference to the trifling sum of about ten thousand dollars that you are trustee for, and I will henceforth relieve you of the duties of trusteeship."

"Intriguing, d—— scoundrel!" was the only comment uttered by the landlord, as he read the certificate. "Bring your wife here immediately."

"With pleasure."

The girl came. But why prolong such a scene? The brother's horror—a woman's faith. O'Doemall secured her property, had it placed in his wife's hands, and a few days after the husband and wife came to New York. Before six months, O'Doemall had the whole sum in a bank in his own name. He had wheedled his poor wife into giving him the money. He took a store down town, and commenced business as a wine merchant. Before a year had expired, the poor wife died in giving birth to a child. O'Doemall was all right. He had secured the money safe by proper deeds and gifts, and was now a regular boarder at the City Hotel, as more than a year had elapsed since the death of his wife.

Had Marion Monck been aware of these interesting antecedents, I question whether Mr. O'Doemall would have been invited to his quiet home. Marion knew nothing of them. He had first met O'Doemall at the rooms of Colonel Mac Neil. He had been introduced to him as a merchant of capital, and he had perceived that he was

an agreeable man of the world. Mr. Nordheim also associated with and recognized him, and besides Mr. O'Doemall had bought of the firm a large bill of wines, and he had paid the cash for them. With such and other collateral evidences of respectability, what occasion had Marion to hesitate about introducing him to his home circle? He had none.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mrs. Nordheim gives a Party—Marion Monck is nineteen years old—John O'Doemall—James G. Bennett at a Party—Henry W. Cedar—Mrs. Woodruff—Marion and Isabella Granville—An Offer and an Acceptance—Secrecy enjoined—An anecdote of the Author's "first love."

THE eventful day arrived. Marion Monck was nineteen years old. He did not make his appearance that day at the office of Granville and Nordheim, except for an hour or two in the morning, and he returned to Bond Street to assist Bessy Nordheim, in the event of her needing such assistance.

"Bessy, I have invited more people without your permission."

"Pshaw! what do I care for that? I have invited a few more than I had on my list. But we have room—plenty of room, and I shall have a gay, happy time of it. Our party will be a regular old-fashioned party, Marion. I will not have one uncomfortable, if I can help it. But pray, Marion whom have you invited?"

"First, Mr. John O'Doemall; but you know all about that. Next, a person connected with the press—with one of the daily papers. He is a young Scotchman, and used to live in Charleston."

"That alone, to a Charleston girl, is almost a sufficient letter of introduction, without any other. What is his name?"

"Bennett—James Gordon Bennett. I was introduced to him at Mrs. Coffin's, the large boarding-house on the corner of Broadway and Wall Street, opposite Trinity Church. I like him very much. He is quiet, very intelligent, and you will be pleased with him, Bessy."

"Very likely. "Who else have you invited?"

"Then I frequent Ned Windust's 'Shakespere,' near the Park Theatre. I have invited two friends from that region, although I had previously met them both at Colonel Mac Neil's room, at the City Hotel. They help fill up, and are perhaps as much my friends as many others that will be here. One is a literary man, named Cedar. He writes for the *Weekly Mirror*, and for some of the monthly journals, and he also writes novels. He promised me one, which I will give to you when I get it. The other is a young doctor and

surgeon, named Carnochan. He is also Southron, like you, only born in Florida instead of South Carolina. He has been quite a traveller in getting surgical knowledge. He studied in Scotland three years—in Paris he walked the hospitals four years, and was several years the favourite pupil of one of the first surgeons in this city—Doctor Mott."

"Then I suppose he has a large practice."

"In playing billiards, I dare say yes; but as for private practice, I do not, Bessy, believe he has a solitary patient in New York. He is a gay man—good looking—rather careless—has a prospect of property, and—well, I think he lives off those prospects, and a few dollars he gets now and then from a rich uncle."

"I like him already. He must be an original; and when night comes, if your three friends come also, I will try and make them at home, and that is all I can do. Have you no curiosity to know who I have invited?"

"To be sure I have. Do I know them?"

"Yes and no. You have observed the wealthy widow lady that lives next door to us."

"Certainly—Mrs. Woodruff is the name on the silver door-plate. I am glad she is to be

here. Do you know I have a great admiration for her? She lives so quiet, no noise, sees few friends, has her pet rabbits, parroquets and parrots, mocking-birds, canaries, and dogs Why, I have tried to steal her beautiful fawn-coloured Italian greyhound half a dozen times, but I did not like to be so unneighbourly."

"I am glad that you are pleased with my inviting her, for you will share the responsibility of the act with me to Mr. Nordheim. I do not know how it is, but on one or two occasions when I have mentioned the name of our lady-like neighbour in his hearing, he has turned up his nose one degree more, and then followed such a curious expression upon his face, that I asked him once if he knew any harm of Mrs. Woodruff."

"Pray, what reply did he make?"

"Nordheim said he did not know any harm of her, on the contrary, that he believed she was highly connected, and that her husband was a man of great genius, and died wealthy, leaving her a princely fortune and no children."

"She has some of the handsomest equipages in town call at her door," observed Marion.

"That is true. We have occasionally spoken

when we have met at the door; and this morning I boldly asked her to be present this evening, and she accepted. In addition, I have invited Mr. and Mrs. Parker and their beautiful niece Julia. They live up the street, and called upon me and Mr. Nordheim yesterday. They are immensely rich, have retired from business, and are very desirable people to know. Mrs. Parker prides herself upon being one of the principal leaders of fashion. She is only twenty-five years old, while he is fifty if he is a day. The niece is but seventeen. But who is ringing away at that door-bell? Is there nobody to answer it? Go, Marion, to the door yourself."

Marion went and opened the door, and returned, leading by the hand Isabella Granville. The look of intense admiration with which Marion gazed at the beautiful girl, whose hair fell over her face, her cheeks red with excitement, and her eyes dancing with joy, was not lost upon Bessy Nordheim. She was rather cool at first, but it did not last long.

"I have come to help you, dear Mrs. Nordheim. Papa said I might come, and I will do all in my power to relieve you of your care about the party," said Isabella.

"Thank you, Isa; but I must be at work, so I will leave you and Marion to amuse each other."

Mrs. Nordheim left the parlour to go and look after the servants. Poor Marion. Isabella Granville took off her bonnet, then her shawl, and then Marion seated himself by her side. They chatted and laughed, and finally Isabella adjourned to the piano, played several favourite airs, and sang the words. Marion stood by and drank in every note. Isabella looked up at him, when she had finished. "Isa." It was all he said, and then he took her hand in his, and led her back to the sofa. He put his arm around her waist, and again repeated, "Isa, I love you." She did not make any reply, but leaned her head over on his shoulder. The perfume of her hair almost took away his breath. He kissed her forehead, and then, more bold, he pressed her pouting, cherry-ripe lips—not once, but a dozen times.

Mrs. Bessy Nordheim, where were you all this while? Down in the kitchen—the perspiration pouring out of your face, as you gave hurried directions about the baking and cooking arrangements; and he for whom you were making all these extra preparations, was only over your head,

giving away his first, his puppy love, to a silly little coquette, who did not know her own mind five minutes.

"Isa, I love you. Do you love me in return?"

"Oh, yes, very much indeed. I love you a great deal more than I ever did Frank Clacksome, or that stupid William Senless, although I did love them once, but I don't now. I have loved you ever since—let me see—ever since my mother died. But you must not tell anybody that I love you," simpered Isabella.

"Of course, dear Isa, you will let me speak to your father and ——" said Marion, earnestly.

"Oh, no. Certainly not. The idea of such a thing is perfectly frightful! Why, he would lock me up, beat me—I don't know what he wouldn't do. He would very likely make me marry Middleton Benson at an hour's notice, as he tried to make Walter marry his sister, and you know I could not run away and go to sea, as Walter did. Now don't look so cross, Marion," was Isabella's reply.

Marion smiled, and told Isabella that he thought she was alarmed without cause. "Why should your father object to me? I am only nineteen, it is true, but you are very young. We can wait,

dear Isa. However, I will do as you wish; but will you promise to marry me when your father gives his consent?"

"To be sure I will. But then you are not to ask him, and not to say a word to a soul alive until I tell you that you may. I will be very angry if you do," observed Isabella.

Marion promised. All further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Nordheim, who was too much excited by her culinary troubles to give any heed or even to notice the sheepish looks of the two young friends. She called upon Isabella to go upstairs with her, and Marion was alone. It was his first love. There was a pretty face, his employer's daughter, and imagination must do the rest. He thought Isabella perfection itself; but he was only nineteen years old, and as ignorant of the sort of partner he had been making love to as though he had never seen her. Youth must love something. If it is not a reality, it will be an ideality. I well remember that my first love was a young girl that I first saw in St. George's Church. I attended that church in Beekman Street two years for no other earthly or heavenly purpose except to see her every Sunday. I did not know her name even.

Then I went to the East Indies—to Canton—was gone a year. Eight months of that period I was at sea, and I walked the deck at night and indulged in thoughts of her. I dreamed of her. All my aspirations of future success in life were associated with her. When I returned, I hurried to that church, for it was Sunday morning when I landed from my Canton voyage. I found her there. That Sunday I cultivated the sexton, and ascertained her name, and where her parents lived. It was opposite St. John's Park. There, for weeks, after dark, I used to go and sit on the stone foundation of the iron railing, and look at the house that contained the object of my admiration, and so four years passed. Then I commenced sending her anonymous but costly presents. I wrote her poetry, and used up another year, but no hope dawned. I began to see daylight. I had lent two hundred dollars to a wretched cousin of my fair flame, and he agreed to introduce me to the family. "When?" I asked. "One of the daughters is to be married next week, and I will get you an invitation." "Capital," I replied. "But what is the name of the daughter that is to be married?" I asked, with a shiver. "Susan," was the reply. The

universe seemed to me to have capsized for about five minutes. "Susan" was the name of the daughter that I had so long loved, and that I had regarded as my wife. She was to marry, and did marry, a man named Wilson. I have hated that name ever since. I contemplated having Susan arrested for spiritual bigamy; but was too much occupied to commence proceedings. Then, again, as I had never spoken a word to her in my life, it made it so odd.

That was my first love—my puppy love—and it was deep in the heart. Susan has children—ay, grandchildren—now, but I never see her in the street, meet her in church, but soft, pleasant memories will steal over me of my long-tried love. The only thing painful about it is that I did not say something to Susan at the time. It was all one side. I ought to have let her know something about it, and the chances are decidedly in favour of the supposition that the abominable, plodding Wilson, that made *my* Susan Mrs. W., would have been nowhere.

But to return to Marion Monck. He was obliged to fall in love with somebody or something. He was honest as the day was long. He would not commit a wrong. He liked Bessy

Nordheim. He never dreamed of loving her, because she was his employer's wife; and for want of a better real to his ideal in soul, he fell in love with Isabella Granville. She remained until afternoon in Bond Street, and then Marion accompanied her home to State Street, where she went to dress to return to the party that evening. That party must commence another chapter.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Evening Party comes off at Mrs. Nordheim's—The Guests — Mr. Bennett's Conversation — Mr. and Mrs. Parker and niece Julia—Old John Grasper, the Millionaire—Col. Mac Neil and Miss Irene Grasper—Mr. Bennett's Family, and Birth-place in Scotland—Col. Mac Neil offers his hand to Miss Grasper, is accepted by her, and rejected by her Father—"No man is rich enough to support two families"—Mrs. Woodruff's Residence—Her horses and carriages—Her Pew in Grace Church, and her Piety—The Count Falsechinski at the Party—He offers to go to Church—The Party breaks up.

THERE was a vast difference between an evening party thirty years ago, and now. In those days, the hour in the evening when the guests assembled at the hospitable mansion was much earlier, and the hour when the party dissolved was not later than midnight. The refreshments were of a different order. Then there were the solid, old-fashioned mahogany sideboards, filled with good things, and covered with substantial eatables and drinkables. There was choice old Southside Madeira, that had been in cask forty years. There was old cider for old-

fashioned people, and quantities of cut glass dishes overloaded with cracked hickory nuts. Rhode Island Greenings and Spitzbergen apples were piled up on famous large crockery open-work dishes, and the young people could eat nuts and do courting at the aforesaid sideboards. Then the supper was a substantial supper, with oysters done in every style, and cold turkey and chicken, and knives and forks and plates, and above all, room for all the guests to partake of the good cheer in comfort. There was a room for the supper. There was room for those who danced, and room for those who played whist, or wished to converse.

Those were good old days, but they have changed for the worse. Few of our readers but what know from personal experience the difference between such a party as we have described, and one in the modern times, when all is heartlessness, clap-trap and show.

Before eight o'clock on the evening of Marion Monck's birthday, the two large parlours of Mr. Nordheim's spacious residence in Bond Street were partly but not uncomfortably filled with the persons to whom invitations had been sent. There was not one missing.

Mr. Nordheim could act the gentleman when he chose to do so, and on this occasion he spared no pains to make every one feel at home. His partner, William Pitt Granville, and Isabella, were among the first to arrive; and soon after, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Granville, acccompanied by Miss Madison Pinckney, were announced. Tom had no sooner entered than he was hurried to the piano by Miss Benson, who knew how delightfully Tom played upon that instrument. Colonel Benson joined Pitt Granville, and with Colonel Mac Neil and Mr. Cedar the author, a whist party was made up.

Marion did the honours to a certain extent, for as fast as those arrived to whom he had specially given invitations, and who were personally unknown to Mrs. Nordheim, he presented them by name to the latter lady. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wilson came in together, and after the former had been presented to the hostess, he retired quietly to an ottoman in a corner of the room, and there remained until Mr. Wilson went and took a seat by his side.

"I suppose you will join the dancers presently," said honest Wilson.

"No, indeed. I don't dance. I prefer look-

ing on. It is very rare that I go out to a party, and when I do I have my own way of enjoying myself. As you seem to know most of the people here, you will confer a great favour upon me if you will tell me all about them. I am very fond of studying characters, and I am much deceived if you have not some originals here to-night. Mrs. Nordheim is a beautiful woman—which is her husband?" asked Mr. Bennett.

"That Jewish-looking man talking with Mr. Thomas Granville," replied Mr. Wilson.

"I've seen him before. I conversed with his lady a few moments about Charleston; I must have seen him at the South," was Mr. Bennett's observation.

"Very likely: and Mr. Nordheim is a man, that if you see him once, you are not likely to forget him. He is not remarkable for his beauty, but he is clever in a financial point of view," said Wilson.

Here Mr. and Mrs. Parker and Miss Julia Parker were announced, and soon after were cordially received by the host and hostess. The latter introduced Marion, and he offered his arm to conduct Miss Julia to a seat. Mrs. Parker and her husband followed. Soon after, Mr. Nord-

heim, accompanied by Mr. O'Doemall, introduced him to Mrs. Parker, and the husband went off to find Mr. Granville, who was an old acquaintance. These parties are disposed of, and we now return to Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wilson. Mr. Bennett remarked,

"Those last arrivals seem to create quite a sensation; who are they, Mr. Wilson?"

"Oh, Mr. Parker is as rich as Crœsus—retired from all sorts of business, married a handsome wife only one third as old as he is, and they live up the street in princely style," was the reply of Mr. Wilson.

Their daughter is an elegant girl," said Mr. Bennett.

"She is only a niece, and the aunt is very jealous of her. Do you see that nice young man who is paying such devoted attention to Mrs. Parker?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"Yes; who is he?" asked Mr. Bennett.

Mr. Wilson rolled up his eyes as he replied, "From all accounts, he is a hard case, in a financial point of view. I don't know much about him. He is able to make the female sex believe black is white, and—well, in a financial point of view, he is said to be a regular Jeremy Didler.

He goes on 'Change, and he gets into society somewhere or other, and no Englishman of any account comes to this town but what Mr. O'Doemall gets into his good graces. Why, man, I don't believe but what he owes every hotel in town except the one where he resides. He comes to our office occasionally, but I don't like him.

Mr. Bennett smiled, and observed, "He seems to be making himself very agreeable to Mrs. Parker."

"He make himself agreeable! Why, sir, he has already explained to her all about our Saviour's tomb at Jerusalem, and promised her a fragment of the rock which covered our Saviour's sepulchre, which he has at his hotel, and which he got from a monk when he was last in the Holy Land. I'll bet two to one that she has already invited him to call to-morrow with it at her residence," said Wilson.

"Do you suppose he has a piece of the rock?"

"Rock be hanged. No; doubtful if he was ever nearer Jerusalem than I have been. As for the rock, he will smash a piece off the curb-stone as he goes up to her house, and take it along with him. He is a bad customer, in a financial point of view, and if he once gets a

foothold in the house of Mrs. Parker, she will never get him out," said honest Wilson.

Mr. Bennett queried out of the book-keeper the name and occupation of nearly every person in that room, and then they left it together to join the dancers, who were busily occupied on the floor above. They had hardly procured seats before Mr. Bennett was much struck by the appearance of an elderly person who was watching the dancers. He asked Wilson who that was.

"Old Grasper, the millionaire," was the reply.

In those days, thirty years ago, millionaires were very few and far between in the city of New York. Now, they are as plenty as pickpockets in a great assemblage. Old John Grasper was considered about as rich as any other man, with one, or perhaps two exceptions. Astor could set several numerals to the word millions. Old Nat Prime, of the firm of Prime, Ward, and King, was getting up rapidly towards a million, and would have overreached it by the rise of city property had he not died suddenly. Then there was Stephen Whitney, who was running up on the hundreds of thousands, but did not touch "million." Thirty years ago Bobby Lennox, who made his first property while a clerk to the

Commissioners of the British Prison Ships, could count up to three or four hundred thousand, and John Grasper was not far behind the richest of them (save Astor) in those days. He had recently built him a house out of town, of granite, and people wondered at such extravagance and folly as to put up so costly a building way up Broadway, above Prince Street. But old John finished it, and in spite of opposition moved into it from his brick house on the north-east corner, where the Astor House now stands, and took a position as one of the aristocratic families in New York. He had two children—one a boy and the other a girl, or rather, these children were a young man named Francis, who sported his money around town as one of the exclusives, and a fair girl named Irene, who, with her pecuniary prospects so flattering, was acknowledged as one of the *élite* and most fashionable young ladies about town. Old Grasper had other children, but they have no connection with this story, and need not to be alluded to. Mr. Grasper was a man of strict business habits. He had acquired property in the fur trade, and he judiciously invested it in real estate and bank stock. After he retired from active commercial life he was

elected president of a city bank. The position was a respectable one, and the income from this office was well worth having by even one of the richest citizens.

On the present occasion old Mr. Grasper was watching every movement of his daughter Irene, who was dancing with Colonel Mac Neil. His eyes scarce wandered for a moment from them. Mr. Bennett and Wilson took seats near him.

"So, that is old Grasper, who is so rich—the millionaire, as you say, Mr. Wilson," said Mr. Bennett.

"Yes, Mr. Bennett; and judging by the way he is watching the attentions of Colonel Mac Neil to his child, I should think something was broke. He evidently don't like Colonel Mac Neil's sweet demonstrations upon his daughter—it is bad in a financial point of view; for my own opinion of Colonel Mac is that he is not worth a cent.

"He may be a good man, for all that. Scotch —is he not?" replied Mr. Bennett.

"Yes, sir. He might be a good man, but he is not in a financial or any other point of view. He is a very immoral man. But you are Scotch too, are you not?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"I certainly was born in Scotland, and lived

there until I was sixteen, when I came to this country, and have been here ever since. I am from a different part of Scotland than where this Mac Neil's race lived. My family were Catholic Scotch, and believed in the Divine rights of the Stuarts down to this day. My mother was as strongly in favour of the Stuart dynasty as were her ancestors before her, although years had passed since there was the remotest hope of any of that royal race ever reigning again in Great Britain. But tell me more about this Colonel Mac Neil. You say that he is immoral. How so? Gambles, I suppose?" asked Mr. Bennett.

"Worse than that. He seduced, in Canada, a virtuous young lady, named Jane McPherson. She was a soldier's daughter. I have seen the poor old father, McPherson. He came down to New York to try and persuade his child to return home. But no—she would not do it. She loves Mac Neil too well. She lives very retired, and has two children. Poor thing! She hopes some day that Mac Neil will make an honest woman of her by marriage. There is no hope of that—the Colonel must marry for money, and he will do it, too, if he can."

While this conversation was being carried on, the object of it was deeply engrossed with Miss Irene Grasper. They had finished dancing, and Colonel Mac Neil conducted his fair partner to one of the side rooms. They were alone. Irene Grasper was a magnificent girl, stately in appearance, with a profusion of light auburn locks arranged with great taste. Her cheeks were pale —her eyes a mild blue. When she was seated where few were likely to interrupt them, Mac Neil took one hand in his own, and in deep impassioned tones observed,

"You know, dear Irene, how devotedly—how madly I have loved you. To-night I must know from your own lips my fate. You must have perceived how closely your father watched every motion while we were dancing. Do you love me, Irene?"

"O, Colonel, how can you ask me such a question? You know that I do. How could I help it, although I have tried to do so?" replied the lady.

"Tried to help loving me, Irene! What do you mean by that sentence? Why do you wish not to love me?" asked Colonel Mac Neil.

"I do—God knows I do. O, Colonel, there

are so many stories told about you—so many lies, perhaps scandal—and yet I am afraid almost to dream of trusting my happiness in your keeping."

"Do you confess that you love me, Irene?" asked Colonel Mac Neil.

"I do," replied the fair girl, her eyes swimming in tears.

"And will you authorize me to make that statement to your father, when I ask him for your hand, which I will do to-night?" said the Colonel.

"O, do not! He will not give his consent, and I shall be more miserable than ever," said Irene.

"That, dear Irene, we shall see. There can be no great harm in my asking. I owe it to myself—to my own self-respect. Why should he not give his consent? I am his equal, except perhaps in point of wealth, and of that he may have more than I."

What reply the young lady might have made is not so certain, for just at that moment Mr. Grasper the millionaire made his appearance upon the scene. Colonel Mac Neil arose.

"Be seated, sir; and you, Miss Irene, go and

join your mother. I would like to say a few words to you, sir," observed Mr. Grasper.

Colonel Mac Neil rose and bowed to Miss Irene as she left the room, and then re-seated himself.

"I am waiting patiently to hear the words you mentioned that you wished to address to me," said Colonel Mac Neil.

"Colonel Mac Neil, you have been very pointed in your attentions to my daughter of late, and especially to-night. I am a plain man, sir, and should like to ask you what are your intentions towards her?" demanded old Mr. Grasper.

"Honourable, of course, sir. I would like to see that person who dared say or hint otherwise!" said Colonel Mac Neil.

"O—ah—yes. That is all very well, sir. *Honourable*—that means marriage. That is just what I *don't* want. I had just as lief your intentions were what you would call *dis*-honourable. It would suit me as well," sternly observed Mr. Grasper.

"Mr. Grasper, I thank you for opening the way to a proposal I have to make. I love your daughter. You need not sneer, sir. I love her for herself alone. You may think I seek her

hand in honourable marriage because she is the daughter of a wealthy man. It is false, sir! I care not for her money. She loves me, sir, and will confess it with her own lips, if you will ask her," said the Colonel.

"Shan't do anything of the kind. I will not consent to your marrying her under any circumstances. If you take her, curse me if I ever give her, directly or indirectly, dead or alive, a solitary cent to keep her or you from starving. Do I speak plain?" sternly observed Mr. Grasper.

"Perfectly; but really, Mr. Grasper, some explanation is necessary. I have a good business. I can support my wife. My position in society is equal to yours. By birth, I am at least your equal. Pray, Mr. Grasper, give me *some* reason for so extraordinary a refusal to my proposition. I am no beggar!"

"Do you wish me to give you the reason—my real reason?" asked Mr. Grasper.

"I do, most respectfully," replied Colonel Mac Neil.

"And, Mr. Mac Neil, if I do, and if it is satisfactory, will you promise me, as a man of honour, that you will go to my daughter, and say to her

that you relinquish her affections, and all claim to her hand?" asked Mr. Grasper.

"I will, upon my honour. And now let me hear, if you please, the reason," said the Colonel.

"Colonel Mac Neil, you may be doing a good business—you may be making money—I care not. I do not believe you or any other man is doing a business sufficient to justify him in *attempting to support two families.*"

Colonel Mac Neil was for a moment paralysed. He was not prepared for this. "Stop one moment, sir—I am satisfied."

Mr. Grasper passed out of the room.

"What a fool I have been! Who, in the fiend's name, could have told him that I kept a mistress, and had two children by her? That is what he meant. Well, I am as proud as he is."

A moment after he joined Miss Grasper, and addressed her as easily as though nothing had happened. Ere he left her side, he said,

"Irene, we meet hereafter as strangers. Your father has refused me your hand. I am satisfied, and shall never claim it again. God bless you!" And soon after he took his leave of Mrs. Nordheim, and left the house.

Mr. Bennett had noticed some of these pro-

ceedings, and when Colonel MacNeil took his hasty departure, he gently nudged Mr. Wilson, remarking, "My Scotch friend, the Colonel, seems to have had a rebuff from some quarter."

"Indeed he has. I overheard a few high words between him and old Grasper a short time ago, and I think the Colonel will haul off in that quarter."

He communicated to Mr. Bennett the "two families to support" remark. The latter laughed, and said he had not thought Mr. Grasper had so much keen wit in his composition.

"It was not bad, was it?" said Mr. Wilson.

Marion Monck was not idle for a moment. He introduced such people to each other as he thought would make agreeable acquaintances. Such of his friends as were bashful he led up to the prettiest girls, and made them select partners for the dance. At last he approached Mr. Bennett.

"Come, come, sir, this will not do. Why, you are destroying Mr. Wilson's usefulness, and it don't pay in a pecuniary point of view—eh, Mr. Wilson? What can you two have to say to each other of so much interest? Mr. Wilson, you must take down Mrs. Nordheim to supper to-night,

and as to Mr. Bennett, I must trust him to take charge of my sweet Isabella Granville. Consider yourselves engaged, both Monsieurs, when the proper time comes," and he passed on and joined Mrs. Woodruff, who was seated alone.

"That Marion Monck is a noble fellow, Mr. Bennett. What do you think of him? You have known him some time, he informs me."

"For some months. He came up to the editorial rooms of the *Courier* to see Colonel Webb one day, and I then had a short conversation with him. I have since met him at my boarding-house," was Mr. Bennett's reply.

"He will make a great merchant one of these days, I am thinking," added Mr. Wilson.

"I have my doubts about that. I do not think he will make a great merchant, nor a small one, either. He has talent of a high order, and fitted for a higher sphere, or I am much mistaken," observed Mr. Bennett.

"Higher sphere!" repeated the indignant Wilson; "what higher sphere is there in New York, I should like to know?"

"I don't wish to be rude, but I think to be an editor requires a higher order of talent than it does to make a successful shop-keeper, or—I beg

your pardon—a leading merchant. Young Monck, I dare say, has never written a line in his life, yet I think some day he will make a clever journalist. He will, if he can write as well as he talks—but time makes strange changes."

Time proved it, for what that editor prophesied became true in after years, to a far greater extent than even he dreamed of at that early period.

Marion was deeply engaged in conversation with Mrs. Woodruff. She seemed grateful for his attention. "I feel almost isolated here to-night, knowing so few; in fact, none except the inmates of this house, by seeing you pass in and out of the doors," was her remark.

"You have resided next door to us over a year, have you not? I have always admired that house — it is at least one-third deeper than our house, and the yard is larger, and very beautifully arranged with trees, plants, and flowers. You must be fond of flowers, madam?"

"Very, indeed. I love them. My husband has been dead some years, and, but for my pets, and my flowers, I should not know what to do," replied Mrs. Woodruff.

"Have you no relatives living with you?" asked Marion.

"Not one. I have done with them, and they with me. Not a soul lives with me except my servants and my live stock. I have many acquaintances who call upon me, but they are of the highest character. Mr. Monck, I shall be most happy to have you call and see me whenever it is convenient. I am rarely out. If I have company, it need not discompose you. I shall have a parlour for you, no matter how many may be in the house. I never show one of my visitors into the same parlour where there is another," remarked Mrs. Woodruff, proudly.

Marion thought this was a queer sort of woman; but as she was rich she had a right to be as eccentric as she pleased. He answered, that he should avail himself of her kind invitation.

"One word more. When you wish to ride, I have a carriage and servants at your disposal. My stable and carriage-house are in the rear of my house in Bond Street. I hope you go to church," was the word more of Mrs. W.

"Occasionally," replied Marion.

"You ought to go every Sunday. Religion is

an excellent thing for a young man or woman. It keeps the minds of both occupied and out of mischief. Will you go to church with me next Sunday?"

"What church?" asked Marion.

"I own a pew in Grace Church, down Broadway, corner of Rector. We will ride down in my own carriage. Dr. Wainwright is my pastor," said Mrs. W.

"Nothing will give me more pleasure. Perhaps Mrs. Nordheim ——" observed Marion Monck.

"Stop, stop. I never ask women to go with me anywhere. I shall be happy to have you go. You will be obliged to return without me, as it is sacrament Sunday. Who is that gentleman conversing with Mrs. Thomas Granville?" said Mrs. Woodruff.

"That? Why, that is the Count Falsechinski."

"Tell me all about him. I am anxious to know his history."

Marion complied with her request, and told her all he knew of the Count, except one or two matters that he had no right to tell.

"Thank you; thank you. Now, will you do

me one favour more? Bring the Count here and introduce him to me."

Marion stepped across the room, and, after talking a few moments to the eager Count, telling him about the rich lady next door, and so forth, he took his arm and brought him over. "Madam Woodruff, allow me to present to you my noble friend the Count Falsechinski. I will leave him with you."

The Count became almost excruciatingly polite. He bowed almost to his knees, and placed one hand on his heart, while he declared that he was perfectly overwhelmed with bliss at becoming acquainted with so perfect a lady—that she reminded him of his sister (he was too polite to say mother), the Princess Sophinski, the most beautiful woman in Warsaw before the recent revolution. All the extra touches were put on by the Count.

"No more. No more, Count. I cannot bear it. There—stop, and sit right down, or you will hurt yourself." The Count took a seat by her side. "There, that is right. You are a dear, good Count, and we shall like each other much, when we are better acquainted."

What passed after that between the two last-

named persons it is not necessary to recount. Suffice it to say here that Mrs. Woodruff showed the same anxiety about the piety of the Count, and repeated the same invitation she had given to Marion.

Here supper was announced, and the Count offered his arm and escort. The other guests were suitably arranged, and before ten o'clock all were at the supper-table, and ere midnight the regular occupants of the house were left in it alone.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Miss Norris and her Teacher of Languages—She Threatens Mr. Nordheim—Gives the Count a Fearful History of the Antecedents of Mrs. Woodruff—The Value of Mr. Cedar's Note or Draft upon his Publishers—Doctor Carnochan—The Difference between a German and a Dutchman.

Not many days after the party in Bond Street, the Count Falsechinski called in Broome Street to give a lesson in German to Miss Norris. He found Tom Granville there.

"Tom," said Clara, "I wish to see the Count alone this morning—so, be so obliging and take yourself somewhere else. Money you cannot get from me to-day, nor to-morrow, either—it would do you no good. Go to your brother."

"But you have money of mine in —" commenced poor Tom.

"Stop—no more of that, or I will forbid you the house. I do not owe you a dollar. You put some in my hands, but you have drawn it all," said Clara.

"Surely I have not had —" again commenced Tom.

"Never mind whether you have had it or not. I don't keep accounts. I have not got any of it, and if you have not spent it, I have; so there is no more to be said about it. Now go, that is a good boy," and she rose and gently pushed him out of the room and locked the door. "Now, Count, I have got rid of that poor foolish youth, I wish to talk with you. You are a man. I understand you perfectly, and I tell you candidly, I admire you very much. Hawks must not pick out hawks' eyes. So you were at the party at Mrs. Nordheim's? Never say a word until I finish. Mr. Nordheim was all attention to Mrs. Tom Granville. Don't shake your head. I know better. But what do I care? As long as he allows me what I need, he may do what else he pleases; and let the funds stop but a day, an hour, aye, a quarter of a moment, and Mr. Nordheim and me part company for ever. Tell me all that you know about Mrs. Woodruff."

This was a subject upon which the Count willingly enlarged, and he gave a glowing description of the rich widow, her splendid mansion, coach, servants in livery, and pew in Grace Church.

"Did Mr. Nordheim speak to her when she was at the party of his wife?" asked Miss Norris.

"I don't think he did. No. I am sure he did not."

"The arch-hypocrite! Did Mrs. Woodruff become personally acquainted with other persons at the party besides you and my friend Marion?" asked Miss Norris.

"Oh, yes, to be sure; with many," replied the Count.

"Name them, every one, male and female," said Clara.

"She talked with Miss Irene Grasper, with Mrs. Parker, and her niece, Miss Julia, and she was also introduced to Mr. Doemall, an Irish gentleman. Some say he is a peer," replied the Count.

"Are those all?" demanded Miss Norris.

"Upon my honour, Mademoiselle Norris, I think those I have named are all," was the Count's reply.

"Count, I like you. I wish you to steer clear of the breakers. May I confide to you a secret for your own good, not mine?" asked Miss Norris.

"You may," replied the Count.

"You say Nordheim did not appear to know *that* woman. He lied by his actions, and is worse than I dreamed him to be, to introduce *her* to his home," said Clara.

"He did not invite her there. It was done without the knowledge of Mr. Nordheim. I know that to be a fact. I had it from Marion, and he will not lie."

"That is true, and Nordheim is not quite so black as I thought him to be. Count, listen to me, but never repeat it. Use the knowledge for your own purposes, but do not use it to save others. Count, you know that I was bought by Nordheim, and brought to this city. You do *not* know, but now I will tell you, the first week that I spent in New York, before this house was ready for me, I spent in *that* luxurious mansion, now, as then, occupied by Mrs. Woodruff."

The Count did not trust himself to speak for several moments. His eyes were busily engaged upon the rich flowers of the tapestry carpet that covered the floor.

"That carpet cost four dollars a yard, Count. You need not examine its texture more closely."

The Count smiled.

"Mademoiselle, I am too astounded to say

anything. What a game my lady Woodruff must be playing!"

"She is a fearful—a terrible female, Count. It is real friendship for you that has made me open your eyes. She is the more to be dreaded because she moves in the very highest circles, and spreads devastation wholesale. Count, for some purpose, you are saving money with all a miser's eagerness. Don't look so astonished. I know it. A little bird tells me all that you do. I, too, am saving money. For what purpose I know not, but this I do know, the power of money. I will never be poor again while there are gulls and pigeons to be plucked. Use the information I have given you. Show this pious lady that *you* at least know her, and make her *pay—pay*—that's the word—if she uses *you*. As you regard me, breathe not a word if you were to see your best friend's wife going into those double hall doors in Bond Street," said Clara.

"I thank you, Mademoiselle Clara, a million of times. You shall see what you shall see before the play is over. Now for the German lesson. You will need but three or four more, and then you will speak English, French, Spanish, and German. The next shall be the Italian, eh?"

"Yes, Count. Italian next. Answer me one question. Tell me what you think of the intrigue between Mr. Nordheim and Mrs. Tom Granville. Tell me honestly and truly. You are a man of the world. Will that lady succumb to the infamous man?"

"No, Upon my soul. She is too clever—too spirituelle. He pays her money—largely, too. I know that. Five hundred—one thousand. But—she takes it—is civil—goes with him all about. But, lady—that Mrs. Granville *loves* her husband. It is true, and she is honest."

"A precious pup for a sensible woman to love, and yet, poor Tom, he is a delightful harmless fellow. I do not think Tom would hurt a chicken. No; not a fly. But he does not know the value of money. I gave him fifty dollars one morning last week, and what do you think he did that evening? Came to me for more. It is true, and when I asked what on earth he had done with it, he pulled from it a note of that precious scamp Cedar's for sixty dollars, and told me he had made ten dollars by cashing it," said Clara.

"Mr. Cedar's note is not, then, worth much?" asked the alarmed Count.

"Not worth so much as the paper was before

he wrote his name upon it. Beware of that Eng lish genius, Count," observed Miss Norris.

"I will take care of him, and thank you, too, for had you not told me this, I should have given him two hundred dollars for his draft upon his publishers for two hundred and fifty," said the Count.

"And you would have lost every cent. I don't think his publishers owe him a penny. Yet that man wonld challenge you if you dared insinuate that he was anything but an honourable man. Count, is not this a very queer world?" sarcastically observed Miss Norris.

"The people in it are very queer—a very curious people. Mademoiselle, tell me about Doctor Carnochan."

"He is a young man of decided talent, and he will one day rise to the very head of his profession, if he lives. He has it in him. At present he is, from the force of circumstances, a wild, dissipated, useless man, and his companions are of the most worthless class. Does he want money of you, too, Count?" asked Miss Norris.

"No. But it may be in my power to throw some practice in his way," kindly added the Count.

"Do so, if you can, Count. He will earn more than the usual fee as compared with other doctors. Tell me how Marion Monck gets on with his languages," asked the lady.

"He has already mastered several of the most difficult. His parents were Dutch, so that it came natural to him to acquire the German, which is a sort of first cousin to low Dutch."

"What is the difference between German and low Dutch?" asked Clara.

"The German, or *Hoch Deutsch*, is spoken all through Germany. The *Neder Deutsch*, or Low Dutch, is the language of the Hollanders, or the *Nederlanders*, which, in English, is low-landers, in contradistinction to the *Hoch Deutsch* or high Germans—or rather high-land Dutchmen. Now, shall we proceed with your German lesson?"

"With pleasure, Count," was her reply.

An hour afterward the Count sent a note from the office to Mrs. Woodruff.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Harrison Street—Colonel Mac Neil's Private Home—A Breakfast Scene with Willy and Patsy—The Colonel settles a House on his Children, and places Two Thousand Dollars in the Savings Bank for them—Redeeming Traits in a Fashionable Bad Man's Character.

Such of our readers as are familiar with New York, will remember a street in the lower part of the town, running from Hudson Street to the North river, named Harrison Street. As it was known a hundred years ago by the same name, it could not have been named after our General Harrison, or more recently President Harrison, but must have honoured some English family. Be this as it may, in this same street, at No. 27, the first door from Greenwich Street, stands or did stand a small two-story brick house. It rented for three hundred dollars a year, and was occupied by two families. The lower part, save a back kitchen, was rented by a worthy butcher and his small family, while the upper or second story was occupied by a lady and her two children, one

a boy about five years of age, that his mother called William, and a little girl three years old, with the pretty cognomen of Patsy. The front room of the second story was plainly but comfortably furnished as a parlour. The rear room contained a bed, and between the two rooms was a third small room in which was placed a trundle bed for the children. It was a cold December morning, only a week after the party at Mrs. Nordheim's house in Bond Street, when the bell rang at No. 27. The mother of the two children had just placed their and her simple breakfast upon the table in the small back kitchen in the basement, where she had a cooking stove and a pantry. This also was a portion of her part of the house, for which she paid an annual rent of one hundred and twenty dollars. The bell rang a second time.

"Go to the door, Willie; who knows but it is your papa? It sounds like his ring."

The little boy was off like a rocket, and in a moment afterward a heavy footstep was heard descending the kitchen stairs. He entered the room with the boy in his arms, and placed him on his feet; and then the lady flung herself into the gentleman's arms, uttering but one word, "Wil-

liam!" He gently displaced the lady, and then took up the little girl, and kissed her fondly.

"I am just in time for breakfast, Jane, eh?" and he took a seat.

"O William, if we had but known you were coming—we have not a breakfast fit for you to eat," observed Jane.

"Don't you and the children eat that breakfast? and if so, is it not good enough for me?" asked Colonel Mac Neil.

"Don't be angry with me, William—I did not mean anything. But you, who are so used to living at hotels, could hardly expect to enjoy such a breakfast as this. But why have you kept away so long?" she asked.

"Business, Jane. Business, pleasure, everything. But now let us have a nice breakfast. Here is money—send out and get anything nice that you can find," observed the Colonel.

"I will go myself, if you will mind the children while I am gone, Colonel," she replied.

"That I will do with pleasure; and he took a child upon each knee, and kissed, caressed and played alternately with them until the mother returned. It was not long before the good mother had a very choice breakfast smoking on

the table, and all partook of it, while the father, for so he was, of those two children exerted himself to the utmost to make a pleasant time of it. An hour elapsed before the happy family had finished the meal. Then the gentleman, who was no other than Colonel William Mac Neil, asked if there was a fire up-stairs. Receiving a reply in the affirmative, he continued: "Jane, send Willy and Patsy up stairs—we will follow presently; but I have a few words to say to you alone."

The children went up stairs, little Willy leading by the hand the tottersome Patsy. When they were gone, the Colonel drew out a cigar from a rich shagreen cigar case, and deliberately lit it.

"Come and sit down by me, Jane."

She complied in silence, her looks expressing wonder as to what was to come next.

"Jane, I idolize those children. I wish to God you were my legal wife, for you are a true-hearted, loving woman. Don't cry, darling, but listen to me. You think I could legalise them, and marry you. No, no—that is a dream; it is too late—my cursed pride will not let me do it. That is not all; I must marry a woman who has money,

or be a disgraced bankrupt. Yet, you nor those two dear children shall ever want, or be dependent even upon me. I am a rascal, Jane, so far as you are concerned: I know it—I feel it. But, thank God, I have placed you and those dear ones so that you can never want. Are you listening?" said the Colonel, with emotion.

"Surely, Mac, I have not lost a word. Go on —I hope you have nothing worse to tell me." she observed.

"Jane, I have saved up and withdrawn from my business seven thousand dollars, and with it I have purchased a house in Franklin Street near Broadway. The lot is twenty-five feet by one hundred; and sixteen years hence, when Willy is of age, that property will be double or treble in value. I have deeded it to you, Jane McPherson, in trust for Willy and Patsy. The house is a good one, and now rents for six hundred and fifty dollars per annum, and has a good tenant. That rent you must draw and live on, in case I am unable to do anything more for you. That is not all. Here are two thousand dollars that I won in gambling some time ago. It is but a partial return of ten times that amount that I have lost at gambling. It is yours—take it to

a savings bank, and place it there at interest in your own or in Willy's name—your own is better, and then you will have two sources of income."

The poor young mother was weeping. "O Mac—dear Mac, why do you do this? Are you going away! I don't want it; you allow us all we want?" she exclaimed.

"Listen, Jane. When I signed that deed, I had determined to offer myself that night to a very wealthy young lady. I expected to be accepted, and I then determined to act honourably by her; and to do so I intended that deed as a provision for you and my dear children, and then to bid you farewell, and see you no more," said the Colonel.

"O Mac, could you have the heart to do it? Could you part with those two little precious ones, and never see them more? O, it was a cruel thought!" said Jane.

"Be calm—I am. I have not yet done. I offered myself to the girl, and she accepted me. Don't start off in that manner. Then I saw her father—one of the wealthiest men in the city. He refused to countenance the marriage, and, what was still more, situated as I am, he swore before God that if his daughter married me, she

should never receive a cent. He had heard of *our* affairs—of *our* children, Jane, and he said he did not think I could support *two* families. That was quite enough for me, Jane. The affair is at an end, and I shall probably never marry."

The mother flung herself into his arms, and kissed the Colonel in the most fond manner.

"Hear me out, Jane, and know the worst. I have secured you from want, and the deed is irrevocable; but Heaven only knows how soon I may be a beggar. The affairs of my firm are in a terrible state. My partner thinks that he can carry the concern through. He is buying produce on credit, and shipping it to Europe, or anywhere else where he can get cash advances upon the shipments. If those shipments turn out well, we are safe, and shall keep afloat. If not—but I don't dare to think of it. This thought, though, consoles me—come what will, you and Willy and Patsy are provided for," continued the Colonel feelingly.

"But, dear Mac, if this would serve you, I will deed it back to you, and you could sell it again, and also take the two thousand dollars," observed Jane.

"You are an unselfish being, Jane: but no,

no. It would not be a drop in the bucket. Do exactly as I have told you, and I will continue to give you what funds you need, just as though the nine thousand dollar provision had not been made. If I am fortunate and get through my own difficulties, you will have the interest every year to add to the principal, and in a few years you will have quite a little sum. Now kiss me, and then let us go up-stairs and join Willy and Patsy. After all, there are some happy moments for the most miserable, and I will come and breakfast with you soon again," said the Colonel.

"Dear Mac, it makes the children so happy."

The haughty Colonel Mac Neil played and romped with his children until dinner was ready, and then he dined with them. Before evening he was again at his hotel.

There are some redeeming traits in even the most worldly of men. And this is a redeeming chapter and shall stand by itself.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Italian Opera House in Church Street—The Character of the Subscribers—Mr. Nordheim a Director—A Tragedy Night—Mr. Nordheim insults a Lady in the Dress Circle—His Spectacles Driven into his Eyes by a Brother—His Removal to the City Hospital—Francis Gaillard of South Carolina—Mr. Granville dissolves the Firm of Granville and Nordheim—The Notice—List of the Daily Newspapers—The Days that the Wife of Mr. Nordheim spent at the Hospital with her Dying Husband—Nordheim's Will—His Death and Funeral.

In the year 183—, a company of persons, who would be extremely exclusive, determined to put up a building and open an Italian Opera House in this city. To carry out their design, they purchased sufficient ground on the corner of Church and Leonard Streets, and proceeded to put up a large and handsome building. When this Opera House was finished, an arrangement was made for a manager, and a regular stock Italian Opera Company was established in New York city. It was a mixed-up sort of concern. At first it was a regular stock company. Then private boxes were disposed of to particular fami-

lies for life, in order to raise money; and then commenced a system of begging, borrowing, and voluntary contributions, until all hands became disgusted, and the building passed from the opera people to the mortgagee, and he leased it for a regular theatre to James Wallack, who opened it under the title of the National Theatre.

But to return to the Italian crowd. The parties who got up the Italian Opera were not the old Knickerbocker stock inhabitants. They were a *parvenu* population—people who had been successful as brokers, merchants, stock gamblers, real estate speculators, and other modes by which fortunes are suddenly accumulated in this great metropolis. Many of the parties had travelled in Europe to acquire business, and form commercial connexions. They had visited Paris and London, and perceiving how aristocratic the Italian Opera was in those cities, they considered that to become interested in an Italian Opera in New York would give them an aristocratic position. These were the motives that actuated most of the patrons of the early Italian Opera in New York. It is needless to say that they paid dear for the Italian whistle, and it got broken in a very short period of time.

Among those who took a very active part in the Italian Opera was Mr. Nordheim. He spoke Italian fluently, and he was not only allowed to spend his money in the enterprise without stint, but he was also permitted to take a very active part in the details. The Finance Committee knew no more about Italian than they did about Greek, and Mr. Nordheim translated between the false Italian Prince and Princess actors, and their Wall Street financiers.

The Italian Opera opened during the month of the party at Mrs. Nordheim's, and Mr. Nordheim placed at his wife's disposal a private box, and she filled it almost every night with some of her friends. She was generally attended thither by Mr. Wilson or Marion—sometimes by both. The Count Falsechinski received tickets frequently for Miss Norris and himself, and occasionally Tom Granville made up a party for one of the front seats in the dress circle. It was April. The bill for that night was very attractive. Mrs. Nordheim was in her private box with a party. Marion Monck was there also—and so was Isabella Granville. On the right side of the dress circle, Miss Norris,

with the Count and Tom Granville, occupied three seats.

Shortly after the curtain rose, Mr. Nordheim was seen to enter the dress circle by a door directly opposite the centre of the building. He took a seat on the third bench. Directly in front of him was a gentleman, accompanied by a lady of rare and surpassing beauty. It was noticed by those in the neighbourhood that Mr. Nordheim endeavoured to attract the notice of the beautiful woman who occupied the seat directly in front of him. Once she turned her head almost round, and gazed at him with an expression that denoted the most violent anger, and then seemed absorbed with what was passing on the stage.

I may have omitted to mention that Mr. Nordheim was near-sighted, and wore gold spectacles. He never was without them. Hundreds who were present that eventful evening well remember the fearful scream of agony which rung through that Opera House, although the extent of the tragedy in the dress circle was not dreamed of that night. Again that lady turned and looked indignantly at Mr. Nordheim, who smiled and partly bowed. It was noticed that

the lady whispered to the gentleman with her. She quietly informed him of the conduct of the person on the rear seat.

"Can you point him out to me distinctly?" whispered the brother—for so he proved to be.

"Yes, Frank; he is seated directly behind me, with his knees against the seat where I am sitting."

"Keep perfectly quiet, Emily—don't move;" and as he said this he rose to his feet, turned his back to the stage so as to face Nordheim, and rapidly drew back his arm, and with all his force struck his fist directly in Nordheim's right eye. There was one terrific scream. The glass had broken, and the force of the blow had driven several of the particles into the right eye of the unfortunate Nordheim. There was an instant rush, and much confusion. The gentleman remained perfectly calm, and did not move an inch. Nordheim had fainted with the intense agony from the pierced eyeball. Shouts arose from the parterre—"Turn him out!" The gallery re-echoed "Turn him out!" Meanwhile, Marion Monck, the Count, and some others of the acquaintance of Mr. Nordheim, hurried to the spot, just as he had been carried out of the

boxes. They all saw at once the nature of the wound. Then the gentleman who had inflicted it came out and explained what had occurred, regretting that he had inflicted so terrible a punishment. A carriage was procured. By this time Pitt Granville had learned what had occurred. "Take him at once to the New York Hospital," was his peremptory order. Mr. Nordheim was with difficulty placed in the carriage. His agony was fearful.

"Go and tell Mrs. Nordheim what has happened, and take her home, Marion. I will be up there as soon as Nordheim is better or worse. The hospital is the only place, for he needs immediate surgical aid. Mr. Wilson, go with me."

These sensible orders of Pitt Granville were rapidly carried into execution, and the carriage drove round to the hospital gate. Mr. Roberts, the superintendent, was an old friend of Mr. Granville, and luckily happened to be in the office. A proper room was instantly arranged, and Mr. Nordheim was taken into it. Then the leading surgeons were sent for. They tried to extract the broken pieces of glass, but only partially succeeded. Mr. Nordheim was a raving maniac.

But I must carry back my readers to the Opera House. When Mrs. Nordheim had learned the particulars of the accident, she refused to go home, but left her party, and, with Marion, went directly to the hospital inner gate, where the little house of the gate-keeper is, and asked permission to go in and see her husband. She was refused, politely, but positively, and she at once got into a carriage and went home to Bond Street. Soon after, a gentleman appeared at the gate and asked permission to see one of the officers of the hospital. He was shown inside to Mr. Roberts.

"Here is my card, sir. I am the person who struck the blow at the Opera."

Mr. Roberts took the card and read, "Francis Gaillard, at Mrs. Mann's, No. 85, Broadway."

"The accident, sir, I fear, will terminate seriously, and I will use this card, as you may be called upon to give some explanation. How did it happen?" inquired Mr. Roberts.

The stranger, whose name was Gaillard, replied, "I am a South Carolinian, on a visit here with my mother and sister. I took my sister to the Italian Opera this evening. After the performance had commenced, she told me that a

person on the seat behind her had insulted her, and I at once struck him."

"Served the d—— libertine right," was the only comment made by the indignant but honest Mr. Roberts.

"I took my sister to Mrs. Mann's boarding-house, and came at once to give myself up in case of need. Will it be necessary for me to do anything more?"

"No. Go home, as though nothing had happened. If he dies to-night, or within a few days, a coroner's inquest will be held, and you will have to be on hand; but it is a disgraceful affair, and unless Nordheim dies immediately, it will be hushed up. Good night."

"Thank you—good night;" and the stranger Gaillard passed out of the hospital.

The Count conveyed the horrified Clara Norris to Broome Street, and then left her, promising to return as soon as he had paid a visit to the hospital. He, too, was refused admission, but as he was passing out of the gate he was overtaken by Mr. Pitt Granville and Mr. Wilson.

"Count, go at once to Mr. Nordheim's, in Bond Street, see Marion Monck, get the keys of the store, and come directly to the City Hotel."

The Count went on his errand, and when Pitt Granville and his book-keeper were walking alone, the former said, abruptly, "Wilson, this sort of thing has got to be stopped. I am tired of it. Such proceedings by one of the members of a mercantile firm are ruinous."

"I think so, sir. It will be known on 'Change to-morrow, and even if Mr. Nordheim gets well, I don't see how he can explain it."

"Explain. There is no explanation needed. I can put up with a great many things, but this is a beastly concern altogether. Come what will, I am not going to associate with him any more as a partner."

"But how are you to end the partnership? You have no right to," asked Mr. Wilson.

"I know what you mean; but, right or wrong, you will see what course I shall pursue under the present painful circumstances. Wait until I get into the office."

They reached the City Hotel, and Mr. Granville ordered whisky punch for himself and for Mr. Wilson. They finished the first glass, and then Mr. Granville ordered one more for himself, as Mr. Wilson refused, and he requested him to go and find Colonel Benson, and meet him at the

office as speedily as possible. Soon after the Count and Marion joined him, and all proceeded to the counting-house in Broad Street. It was opened. Then Colonel Benson and Wilson arrived. Books were got out of the safe. Accounts were examined. The consultation was held, and finally Mr. Granville came out of his private office with a paper in his hand.

"Marion, I want you to make several copies of this. Take one to each of the following daily papers:—

"The Daily Mercantile Advertiser,
" Gazette,
" Courier and Enquirer,
" Journal of Commerce,
" Standard,
" Post,
" Commercial,
" New York American."

Marion complied. The next morning the following could have been read in either of the five morning dailies:

NOTICE.—The co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Granville and Nordheim is this day dissolved. The liquidation of the affairs of the late firm will be attended to by the undersigned, who will continue to carry on a General Commission Business under his own name.

W. PITT GRANVILLE,
At No. 31, Broad Street.

NEW YORK, *April* 10, 183—.

When Marion returned from the publishing offices of the morning journals, he found Mr. Granville and Mr. Wilson in the main office. The Count had left. So had Colonel Benson.

"Have you put those advertisements in the morning papers?"

"Yes, sir. I was in time with all of them."

"When you go home tell Mrs. Nordheim what I have found it necessary to do, with promptness, to save the credit of this concern. She can appoint you or Mr. Wilson to act for her interest, should he die. He may recover his senses enough to make a will. If he does not, Mrs. Nordheim has her settlement of two thousand dollars a year to fall back upon, and one-third interest in his property. He has been spending a fearful amount of money lately, and Mr. Wilson thinks his share of the profits is not only drawn out, but also a large portion of his stock capital in the concern. We shall know in a few days."

The Count Falsechinski, when he left the office, although it was nearly midnight, went up to Broome Street. He found Miss Norris waiting for him. Tom Granville was there.

"Nordheim will die, or be insane for life," said the Count.

"Is that your opinion, Count?" asked Tom, who seemed pleased at the idea.

"It is. The firm is dissolved by Mr. Granville, and notices to that effect will appear in all the daily papers to-morrow."

"Then good-bye, Ferdinand Nordheim. You have been a source of good and a curse to me. Now I will fight my own battles and play my own game in life, for you are dead so far as I am concerned in any event. Shall we make up a card party to-night?"

"Thank you. No. I must get home, for I have much to do to-morrow. Are you walking down town, Tom?"

"No; he is not going down town these two hours yet," spoke Clara.

She showed the Count to the door, and then returned.

"This is a funny business, all round, ain't it, Clara?" said Tom.

"Tom Granville, answer me one question. You have stated to me your suspicions respecting your wife and Nordheim. Answer me now, as God will be your Judge: Do you, in your inmost soul, believe that?" demanded Clara.

"I do, solemnly," replied the husband Tom.

"Why do you not take steps to get a divorce from your wife, then, if you believe her guilty, and faithless to your honour?" asked Miss Norris.

"Never. I have loved that woman—perhaps love her yet—but I will never take any steps to get divorced from her," replied good-natured Tom Granville.

"Suppose she, however, should try to get divorced from you. She could do it," said Miss Norris.

"Let her so do. I will make no objection."

"Tom, do you believe I have been true to my master—to Nordheim?" asked Clara.

"I do. I know I can speak for myself, Clara," said Tom.

"Tom, it is true. I have been as faithful to that man as if I had been his wedded wife, but it is all over now. He is no more to me than if he was dead. His money is gone, even if he lives. He has been fearfully extravagant. You say that you will never live with your wife again?" said Clara.

"Never," replied Tom Granville.

Poor, easy, good-natured Tom Granville. Little

did you dream that you were signing the death-warrant for your future hopes of early domestic happiness.

Leaving these worldly ones, our reader will go with us to the hospital. Nordheim became worse and worse. The next day his wife spent several hours by his bedside. He did not recognize her. Day after day she visited him, until the inflammation, which had reached his brain, became so certain of ending fatally that a lawyer, Charles S. Spencer, was employed to remain with him constantly, under the hope that he might become sane for a few moments ere he died. Two weeks after the accident, his wife called, and found him, for the first time, perfectly conscious of everything around him. His partner was sent for. The lawyer asked the physician-surgeon how long he might live.

"Until evening."

Then occurred a painful scene—a death-bed repentance. He dictated a will. It was short. He left all to his wife. All—everything. Except the furniture of the house in which Clara Norris lived—that he gave to her, and also five hundred dollars. He signed articles dissolving the firm, and authorizing his wife to close up the affairs as

best suited herself, and he made Mr. Granville give a solemn promise that in case his half interest in the concern should not leave a respectable sum for his wife, that he would give her one-third interest in the future business, or take into partnership any one she should designate. Frank Gaillard was sent for. When he reached the bed of the dying man he was much agitated, and expressed the deepest regret for what had occurred.

"Not a word more. You served me right. Tell your sister that a dying man begs her forgiveness."

Mr. Nordheim lingered on through the day; but just after sunset, when twilight was deepening into dark over the trees and around the old hospital windows, Nordheim sank into what appeared a gentle sleep. Mr. Granville first discovered that he was dead. Mrs. Nordheim pressed her lips to the dead man, and was then led out of the room. That night the coffin containing his body was conveyed to Bond Street. The succeeding day it was transferred to a cemetery, and the troubles, the pleasures, the rascalities, and the redeeming qualities of the unfortunate Nordheim were over for ever.

CHAPTER XXVI.

New Street thirty years ago — The store of Mr. John O'Doemall—His Business—The debt of three hundred and four dollars and seventy two cents, and how it was liquidated—Mr. Granville's Instructions—The Story of the Irishwoman, and how O'Doemall victimized her out of seventy-two dollars' worth of shirts, and ruined her sister and husband—A Bad Character.

Between Broadway and Broad Street, running from Wall to Beaver, is a little narrow street called the New Street, although it is one of the oldest streets in the city. Thirty years ago it seemed to be used for no other purpose than for an alley to the two main streets of Broadway or Broad. A sort of sewer ran through it. Some of the houses on Broadway had stables in the rear, facing on New Street. An occasional dwelling house, occupied by French dry goods importers on Broad, had a solid stone warehouse on New Street. No. 20, New Street, was used as a building of that description. The walls were two feet thick, with small windows, closed by two straight iron bars and an iron shutter. On

this store was a large sign, "John O'Doemall, Wine Merchant." There was an office in the rear on the first floor. In it was one desk. The floor contained eight, or perhaps ten, gin pipes, whiskey puncheons, and a pile of champagne baskets. All were empty. In the office was a plain table, and upon it was a couple of wine glasses, two glass tumblers, and some sample bottles. Mr. O'Doemall is at his desk. He is seated in a cushioned arm-chair, with one leg cocked over the desk, and is engaged in reading the *Courier and Enquirer*.

A customer enters. Mr. O'Doemall drops his leg, and removes the paper from his face.

"Oh—ah, my friend Marion Monck. Good morning. Really, I am quite happy to see you. Sit down. Take a seat. Where is my clerk? Here, Thomas."

But the aforesaid Thomas, the clerk, is an invisibility.

"I have called, Mr. O'Doemall, at the request of Mr. Granville, to obtain some sort of a settlement with you. Mr. Nordheim, unbeknown to his partner at the time, sold you goods to the extent of three hundred and four dollars, and odd," said young Monck.

"Exactly. Three hundred and four dollars and

seventy-two cents. I know the precise amount. A mere trifle, which ought to have been paid long ago, but I overlooked it. Surely, Mr. Granville would not send you to collect so small an amount as that."

"He did so, and if it is not convenient for you to pay the money, he would like to have you give your note, adding the interest for ninety days, or even four months."

"I forgot to ask you how Mrs. Nordheim is—poor lady—great misfortune. Nordheim was a good fellow. Queer. If Nordheim had lived, he would never have been so mean as to send for that pitiful sum. How do you know but what I have a receipt for it? In fact, I don't think I can pay that note. Nordheim owes me, let me see, three hundred dollars at John Florence's, two hundred and ten dollars one night in Broadway, and, d—— it, man, I could not think of paying it at present. I must look up some of Nordheim's I O U's. I dare say they are in one of my cast-off vest pockets," replied the impudent O'Doemall.

"If you have any receipts from Mr. Nordheim, or any claim against him—note—due bill, or positive evidence that Mr. Nordheim owed

you a dollar, Mr. Granville will allow it," said Monck.

"Of course he will. I knew he was an honourable man. I have them somewhere. That is a beautiful daughter of Granville's, Isabella. You are to marry her, I suppose? Couldn't do better, and I shall tell my friend Granville so," said O'Doemall.

"Really, Mr. O'Doemall, I trust you will do nothing so foolish. I have no idea—that is, I am not engaged to her, and——" said Monck, embarrassed.

"I will speak to Gran. about it. You are a first-rate match for his daughter. She is pretty, and will have the rhino, eh!" said O'Doemall.

"Really, Mr. O'Doemall, I cannot converse with you upon such a subject. I called to settle an account. If you will not settle it, I will so say to Mr. Granville when I return to the store."

"Very well, sir. I could pay, I believe, twenty such accounts, if I owed them. I believe W. Pitt Granville is good, and you can say to him that if he wants to borrow eight, or even as high as twelve thousand, I can let him have it at ten minutes' warning," said the audacious Irishman.

"I will mention the circumstance to Mr. Gran-

ville, and I wish you good morning," coolly observed Monck.

"Bye-bye. Drop in any time and take a glass of wine," said the indomitable O'Doemall.

"What an infernal scamp," was Mr. Granville's comment upon Marion's report. "Never mind, Marion; I want you to call every day upon that impudent fellow until you shame him into paying it. Nordheim owe him! He never owed anybody in his life. He was uncommonly particular in that regard," continued Mr. Granville.

"I think it will be a waste of my time, but as you wish it, I will call until I see there is no hope. *Shame him!* That will be a tiresome job," was Marion's comment upon the business.

The next day Marion went again to No. 20, New Street, but at a later hour. The clerk, Thomas, was there, engaged playing marbles on the store floor with another boy.

"Where is Mr. O'Doemall?" demanded Marion.

"Gone to dinner," replied the boy.

"Coming back soon?" asked Marion.

"Immediately. Going to wait? Please tell him, sir, when he comes, that I've gone home," and before Marion could express the least dissent

to a proposition that left the responsibility of the store and its goods upon him, the boy was out of sight as well as hearing.

"I am in a fix. Suppose O'Doemall don't come at all? But I will wait awhile, anyhow."

Presently a very respectable-looking middle-aged woman entered, and inquired for Mr. O'Doemall.

"He is not in, madam, and will not be for some time. I am waiting to see him about some money."

"Oh; do you owe him any money, sir?" asked the woman.

"No, indeed. But he owes me, or rather the firm that I am a clerk with," replied Marion.

"And do you think he will pay you? Do you think he will pay me, or anybody else he owes?"

Marion looked at the woman, who was in a state of violent excitement.

"Does he owe you much?" he asked.

"Only seventy-two dollars, but it has ruined me, and my husband goes out now to work at days' work. But perhaps you, sir, can tell me what I ought to do. Mr. O'Doemall served us a dirty trick."

"If you will tell me how he incurred the debt,

with all the particulars, if I can give you good advice, I will do so," said Marion, who began to be interested in the matter.

"It is a long story, but I will tell you all about it. Well, sir, you must know that me and my sister Mary used to do fine needle-work in the old country. I married, and came to this country with my husband, and he got a good situation. Then he says to me, 'Now, Bridget dear, I am making a little money, and we have got a little saved up, and as you and Mary can do fine work, I think the best we can do is to take a little store somewhere up town, and you can make and sill shirts and sich like,and gentlemen's underclothing, and I shall be able to send a good many hotel people to buy of you.' Well we got a little store just big enough to hold us and a few goods up in Broadway, near Broome Street. We had not been open a great many weeks, but was doing uncommon well, when one evening, bad luck to him, who should come in but Mr. O'Doemall. 'Ah,' said he, 'fine nice store. Show me some of your best shirts. I must patronize you, and I will buy a dozen. I want the finest linen shirts.' I showed him our best, and asked him two dollars a piece. They would not do, but he said, 'You

seem honest young women, and I will trust you to make me a dozen of the finest linen shirts at six dollars each. I must have them in a week; and more than that, if you do them well, and suit me, I will bring young Coster, Astor, Lord Lennox, and some other fashionable young fellows, my friends, and we will get you up a first-rate business.' Oh, sir, that O'Doemall has a tongue in his head, and he wagged it to some purpose. He sent me and my sister Mary almost crazy. We thought our fortunes were more than made. We took our good cash, and went and purchased the very finest linen to make this dozen shirts, and we both worked night and day until they were finished. One Saturday evening he called for the shirts. They were all packed up ever so nice. He winked and looked at every one, and he talked all the while about his magnificent room, and that he could not bear to stop at a hotel, and I do not know what. I thought he was a marquis at least. At last he says—

"'Seventy-two dollars, eh? That is cheap enough. I have paid, in London, twenty guineas for shirts not half as good. But you must send them round to my house in Prince Street, it is only a few doors.'

"I called my husband's little brother, Felix, and he took the bundle. Then Mr. O'Doemall began to feel in his pockets, and he took an old wood cane and laid it upon a chair. He felt—felt—I asked him if he had lost anything. He said no, but that he had dressed for dinner, and left two hundred dollars in his vest pocket.

"'It will make no difference,' said he; 'your little boy can be trusted, I suppose; and if so, I will give the seventy-two dollars to him.'

"We told him to trust the boy—we did not like to refuse to let the shirts go, but he went, and the boy too. Presently the boy returned.

"'I want to get the gentleman's cane.'

"'Where are the shirts?'

"'He is holding the shirts while I came back for his cane.'

"The poor boy went away again, but it was a long time before he came back, and then it was to tell us that he could not find Mr. O'Doemall. We could not believe that so gentlemanly a person would commit so cruel a wrong upon two women just starting business in a new country. But next day we found that he had never lived in the house in Prince Street. It broke us up at our little place. So great a loss disheartened us;

we did not try to do any more. It was long before I found out where he did business. I have been several times, but Mr. O'Doemall laughs at me. Says he will pay me, but that I ought to pay him for teaching me a lesson in not trusting. Oh, I don't know what to do. I am afraid we will never get paid;" and here the poor woman relieved herself by a flood of tears.

"What a rascal he must be, to be sure?"

"But that ain't all, sir. He got acquainted with my poor sister Mary. She was a very beautiful girl, sir, and she met him and took walks in St. John's Park with Mr. O'Doemall, and she has never been herself since, and I fear, sir, she is bewitched after him."

"Is it possible that such a man is allowed to walk the streets?"

"But I am not quite done yet. My husband went to Mr. O'Doemall, and gave him a piece of his mind. The very next day he was turned out of his situation at the hotel, and I do believe that Mr. O'Doemall was the occasion of it. Now he goes out to days' work, when he can get anything to do. But here he comes, Mr. O'Doemall."

"Aha, my sweetest plant from ould Ireland, is it

there you are?" laughingly exclaimed O'Doemall —and then noticing Marion he added, "and the future husband of the delicious Miss Granville."

"Mr. O'Doemall, good-by," exclaimed the indignant Marion as he left the store. That evening he told Mr. Granville the story of the shirts, and the claim of three hundred dollars was placed in a lawyer's hands. Marion was told that he need not call on the New Street wine merchant any more.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Increased Business of Mr. Granville—Mrs. Tom Granville becomes his Housekeeper—The latter discovers the engagement between Marion Monck and her Niece—Communicates it to Mrs. Nordheim—Disappointment and stern Resolve.

The dissolution of the firm of Granville and Nordheim apparently had no effect upon their extensive business. It was continued to the new house of W. Pitt Granville, who, if there was any change, largely increased the business. Mr. Granville devoted much more of his attention to business than ever. He was at his office early in the morning, and, except to go to his meals, never left until ten o'clock at night. Some changes had taken place at his home. Tom Granville had some time previously left his house and home in Chambers Street, to devote his whole time to Miss Norris. As soon as it became evident to Mrs. Thomas Granville that her husband had utterly abandoned her, and had openly connected himself with Miss Norris — which he did immediately

after the death of Mr. Nordheim—she sent a note to her brother-in-law, Pitt Granville. He came at once to Chambers Street.

"Tell me nothing, Kate, about Tom. I know all. What do you intend to do?"

"It is useless my incurring the expense of keeping house alone, I think. I have no one but my sister, and she can take her departure for Baltimore at any moment."

"Then give up the house at once; sell off the furniture to the best advantage, and come and take charge of my house. Isabel is too young to be burdened with a housekeeper's cares and anxieties, and besides she needs looking after. She is very inexperienced, and, as her aunt, you are the proper person to take charge of her."

"This is really a proposition that I could not have expected. I do not know how to thank you."

There is no occasion for thanks—I am the obliged party, and if you say you will come, Kate, there is an end of it. Make your arrangements, and come as quick as you can."

The result of this conversation was, that Mrs. Kate Granville was installed as mistress in State Street. Isabel liked her aunt, and was delighted

at her taking charge. To Mrs. Kate Granville it was the most acceptable thing that could have occurred. The scandal afloat in reference to her, and the separation between Tom and herself would be silenced, for certainly the world would say there could be no blame attached to Mrs. Tom Granville, if her husband's brother, a large and extensive merchant, should receive her at his house; not only that, but take her to keep house, and take the charge of his daughter.

Mrs. Kate Granville had not resided with her brother-in-law but a few weeks, when her keen eyes discovered that there was some sort of a secret between her niece Isabel and Marion Monck. She was satisfied that notes and letters passed between the two young people. Marion was a regular visitor at the house in State Street, and was there a hundred times unsuspected, because he was now the confidential clerk of Mr. Granville, and it was necessary that he should see him frequently. Sometimes Mr. Granville would be confined to the house for a few days, by sickness. Then Marion would be there half-a-dozen times a day. He never came but Isabel contrived to see and speak with him, if it was only for a moment.

Aunt Kate determined to put an end to this in some manner, for she was not certain her brother would like the idea of an attachment between Marion and Isabel. The former was but a clerk, and although Mr. Granville seemed to be very fond of him, yet she knew that being fond of a youth as a clerk, and approving of him for a son-in-law, were entirely different matters. She took Isabel to task the first opportunity, and taxed her with being in love or engaged to Marion Monk. The fair girl could only reply to the charge on the instant with a flood of tears.

"Don't deny it, Bella dear. There is no very great crime, and you can tell Aunty all about it—how it happened."

Thus coaxed, Isabel very soon took the advice, and made Aunt Kate her confidant. At first the sister-in-law concluded that it was her duty to inform her brother of circumstances that so nearly concerned his domestic happiness; but when she listened to Bella's pleadings, her anxieties, and her confident assurances that if Aunt did tell Papa, that he would turn her out of doors as he had done her brother Walter, and not only that, but that he would discharge poor

Marion from his employ, and probably ruin him and his prospects for life, and all "for no good," Aunt Kate hesitated. Then Isabel told her that Marion was not to blame, and that it was her persuasion that had made him conceal his attachment from her father. Finally, Aunt Kate was persuaded to keep silence so far as Mr. Granville was concerned, provided Isabel would agree to submit the correspondence between her lover and herself to Aunt Kate's inspection, and that no further letters should be sent or received unless she inspected them. Again, it was understood that Marion should be informed that Kate knew all about it, and that she would converse freely with him upon the subject. Isabel affectionately kissed her Aunt after all these preliminaries had been settled upon, and she felt her mind much relieved. She dreaded the anger of her father. With Aunt Kate as her confidential adviser, there was somebody to share with her the furious anger of her father, whenever he was informed of the attachment, should it be displeasing to him, or should he have other matrimonial views for her.

Mrs. Tom Granville, after Isabel left the parlour in which this memorable explanation had oc-

curred, did not feel at ease in her mind. "I have consented to do wrong, but I have promised Isabel not to interfere, and I will not. If it comes to Pitt Granville's ears, as Isabel says, the house would come trembling down, and there would be a general smash up. Pitt has a fearful temper when he gets a-going. There is poor Walter, too—driven off to sea—never been heard from, and his father never allows his name to be mentioned, and all because he chose to fall in love with my sister Madison, and refused to marry that proud, impudent hussy Mag Benson. No; Isabel may run off with this Marion Monck —I certainly will not interfere. But one thing I will do, without delay—yes, this very morning. This Marion has a warm friend in Widow Nordheim. Of course she is aware of his attachment to Isabel, and she has great influence with Granville. I will go and consult her about the matter, and take her advice." She rang the bell. The servant answered it.

"Go tell Thomas the coachman that I wish to go out in about an hour."

Aunt Kate went up to Isabella's room, and informed her that she was obliged to go out for a few hours, but would be home by dinner-time.

Isabel was surprised, but said nothing. She little dreamed of the object that Aunt Kate had in view.

If she had done so, Aunt Kate would not have been permitted to go on such an errand; for with a keen instinct Isabel had partly discovered a secret that Mrs. Nordheim supposed was safe in her own bosom; and on one occasion the young miss had almost allowed jealousy to get the better of her, and she came very near charging Marion with loving Mrs. Nordheim better than he did herself.

Mrs. Granville found Mrs. Nordheim at home. She was dressed in deep mourning, and received Mrs. Tom Granville with unusual courtesy. She felt a deep sympathy for her. Both had lost husbands—one by death, the other by the fascinations of a beautiful but bad woman; for Mrs. Nordheim was not aware that there were two sides to the story of Tom's separation from his wife. She had heard that Tom had left his wife to go and live with Miss Norris.

"I am very happy to see you, Mrs. Granville—very, indeed; and I cannot tell you how glad I was to hear that you had found a refuge from your domestic difficulties in the house of the elder

Mr. Granville. It is an arrangement that must be very gratifying to all parties, for my beautiful friend Isabel is too young and inexperienced to have charge of so extensive an establishment as Mr. Granville's, and you can relieve her of all care and be a mother to her. Poor girl! She needs a mother, for I think Mr. Granville has an extremely bad temper, although he can be so pleased and smile so amiably in his out-door intercourse."

Mrs. Nordheim spoke with animation, and from the heart.

"I really believe, Mrs. Nordheim, that you do feel what you express; and you have never joined in the lying scandal about me, although my name was connected with your husband's. He was a good friend, and assisted me. What his ultimate motives may have been, he can only settle with his God. I could not do less than be grateful for his kindness, which was bestowed upon many occasions when I assure you I needed kindness. But don't let us talk, Mrs. Nordheim, of what gives me the horrors. I came up this morning for an express purpose."

"Indeed! Can I guess that purpose?"

"I presume you are aware of the relations that

exist between Marion Monck and my niece, Isabel Granville?"

Mrs. Nordheim sat rocking herself to and fro in a well-cushioned chair, and when she caught the last words, the chair ceased its motion, and the occupant placed her hand for a moment upon her heart, as if to discover that it beat. Her breath caught for a moment, and her face was as pale as death. It was but for a moment that she hesitated, and then she asked,

"The relations between Marion and Isabella?"

"Yes. I suppose Marion has told you that he has long been attached to Isabel, that it is reciprocated on her part, and that they are engaged to be married. They are both fearful that their views may conflict with those of my stern brother, and they are both keeping the arrangement very quiet. I coaxed it out of Isabel this morning, and knowing how warmly you are attached to Marion, I presumed of course that he had at least informed you of it. Is it possible that he has not done so?"

Mrs. Nordheim broke out into a laugh that actually surprised Mrs. Granville.

"Told me—me! No, he did not tell *me*. Why, it is the most comical thing I have heard of for

a long time! Marion in love, and engaged to be married to that little girl, Isabel Granville!—ha, ha, ha! It is a good joke, is it not?"

Mrs. Tom Granville could not, or did not see the joke; and she replied that her niece was not so very little; on the contrary that she was a full-grown young lady.

"O, my dear Mrs. Granville, I meant no harm. To tell you the truth, your information has somewhat surprised me. Marion is not yet twenty years old, and it is rather young to think of getting married."

"It is indeed. But what can be done? I thought I would come up and have an explanation with you."

"You are very kind indeed, but I must decline having anything to do with the matter. Marion has not told me of it, and therefore I shall say nothing. Your conversation shall go no further. I will keep it in my own breast;" and she placed her hand there for a moment, as if to press the secret in, so that it would be safe.

These two ladies continued in conversation for over an hour, upon almost every topic of the day. Mrs. Nordheim took the lead, and Mrs. Tom Granville wondered at such a flow of good spirits.

At last the visitor left. No sooner had the door closed, than Mrs. Nordheim fell at full length upon the floor, and rolled in agony.

"O, my God, preserve my reason! I, that have so long loved him in secret! I—that now all obstacles to my dreams for years are removed! He—Marion—our Marion—my Marion—to go and fall in love with that chit, simpleton, foolish, nonsensical girl! But I will not give way! No, no, no! Courage, courage! It is better as it is. He nor no living soul shall know what I have suffered! But it is over now, and if Marion were to come home, I could receive him as calmly as if he was my brother."

She rose and resumed her seat. The tears silently poured down her cheeks, but after a few moments she descended to the basement and gave orders to the servants as calmly as if her heart had never known aught but the most peaceful pulsations. Such is life!

END OF VOL. I.

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